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The Week

THE President's note of March 4th, to Lloyd George and Millerand, reveals once more the height of that wall which Mr. Wilson's mind has been able to erect between peace as it is to be made in the Adriatic and peace in the rest of Europe and Asia. "The definite and well accepted policy of the American government throughout its participation in the deliberations of the Peace Conference," says the President's note, "was that it did not consider itself bound by secret treaties of which it had previously not known the existence." Then, to account for the frequent appearance of clauses from the secret treaties in the Peace of Versailles, the President says: "Where the provisions of such treaties were just and reasonable, the United States was willing to respect them." Is "just and reasonable" a good term to fit the settlement in Shantung? In the Tyrol? The Saar? Mr. Wilson is unquestionably sincere in his efforts to get a just and reasonable settlement in the Adriatic. No one can fail to see that incidentally the controversy supplies him with an escape-valve for opinions consciously or unconsciously suppressed when he brought back from Europe the Treaty of Versailles.

FOUR days after his note to Lloyd George and Millerand the President writes a letter to Senator Hitchcock. "Does anyone," he asks, "really want to see the old game played again?" Between the old order and the new, according to the President, stands Article X. He reaches this conclusion by fixing his attention on the promise to "respect". He goes lightly on the obligation to "preserve". Now all the world would be delighted to see the great powers respect the territorial integrity and independence of other nations. What liberals object to is the obligation to preserve territorial boundaries that are fundamentally vicious. If the Covenant provided means of readjusting boundaries peacefully, there would not be much liberal opposition to Article X. But the Covenant gives one nation a veto on any change. The League accordingly has not only power but obligation to protect the status quo. It provides no peaceful means of correcting injustice and it explicitly provides violent means for maintaining injustice.

"THROUGHOUT the sessions of the conference in Paris," says the President in his letter to Mr. Hitchcock, "it was evident that a militaristic party, under the most influential leadership, was seeking to gain ascendancy in France. *They were defeated then, but are in control now.*" Is it still Mr. Wilson's purpose, believing this to be the case, to work for ratification of the so-called "defensive" alliance with France?

AN illustration of the kind of thing which governments must cease to do or else be guilty of participating in yellow journalism is supplied in a statement recently issued by the Department of State. The purport of this announcement is that "in Turkestan the Bolsheviki are recruiting natives and war prisoners into new units and are establishing military bases said to be preliminary to a campaign against India." As authority for these

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charges there is cited an intercepted wireless message from Moscow to Taskent, on December 6th, 1919. The message is signed by the Vice President of the Central Bureau of the Committee of the East, at Moscow, and it announces that "a propaganda train for organization and instructive purposes will be dispatched to Turkestan." The rest of the intercepted message, as revealed by the State Department, deals with the printing presses, lecturers, etc., that will be needed to manufacture propaganda "in the Mussulman and Russian languages."

IN this memorandum the State Department issues official warning of Bolshevist propaganda intrigues directed against the British in India. Yet the single documentary proof brought forward is the wireless message from Moscow to Taskent. And in this message nothing is said of any propaganda whatsoever outside Turkestan. Now where is Turkestan? Is it in India? Is it in Turkey? Or is it in Russia? It used to be in Russia when the Tsar was ruling Russia. As for the Mussulmans mentioned in the message, it was once regarded as quite natural that the Tsar should rule Mussulmans in Turkestan. Either the State Department's attitude is ignorant or it is malicious. Other documents, as yet unrevealed, it may possess. But the only solid thing in the present memorandum is one intercepted wireless, and that wireless proves nothing except that the present government of Russia is attempting to win the Mohammedans of Russian Turkestan by propaganda instead of simply by the bayonet in the manner of the Tsar.

MR. LINCOLN EYRE'S dispatches to the New York World grow more and more severe in their indictment of the sort of news which has been fed to the American public about Russia during the last two years. The Russian people, Mr. Eyre says, have considered the blockade "both criminal and cowardly." So far as intervention goes—"Of this there is in my mind not the faintest shadow of doubt: That nothing the Bolshevists have done has bred so much bitterness among all classes of the Russian people as has been roused by the attitude toward Russia of the principal Allied and Associated Powers, namely, Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan and the United States. The bulk of the people hotly resent any form of foreign political intervention."—Why has it been necessary to wait until the imperialist adventurers have failed—and the lives of some of our own soldiers been wasted needlessly—before governments and journalists thought it safe to let the truth come out?

IF proof were needed of the hostility aroused in Russia by Allied intervention, it is supplied by the circumstances surrounding final withdrawal of the British command. When it became known that the White Guards (still under the direction of British G. H. Q.) could no longer hold the city, the Secretary for Foreign Affairs at London announced to the Soviet government England's willingness to withdraw. Proposals for protection of the inhabitants of Archangel were discussed in an exchange of cables between London and Moscow. But even before the discussion was ended, Archangel settled the question for itself. There was a popular uprising. General Miller fled. The whole British-made North Russian Government fled with him. A dispatch from Christiania reports its arrival at Hammerfest.

IN his discussion of the Soviet government, Mr. Eyre of the World is as destructive to current newspaper myths as he is in his comment on the effects of intervention. "The Entente attempts to paint Lenin and Trotsky as agents of Germany cause amusement among all intelligent Russians, regardless of class." But if they are not German agents, are not the Soviet leaders at least terrorists? Certainly there was a period of terror. "But I cannot believe," says Mr. Eyre, "that there has been even a small percentage of the frightful and senseless atrocities with which the Bolsheviki have been charged." "Certainly terror is too strong a word to use in describing the Soviet's treatment of their opponents today." The two chief problems of the Soviets, Mr. Eyre reports, are disease and illiteracy. "Their educational program is nothing short of magnificent. Illiteracy is being overcome with astonishing rapidity. . . . Where there were seven universities under the Tsar, there are seventeen under the Soviets. When Petrograd had a population of over 2,000,000 persons, 30 per cent could not read and write. Today there are only 60,000 illiterates out of a little more than 1,000,000 persons left in the capital." At what date, precisely, did the great change come over Russia?

A DISPATCH to the Central News from Berlin announces that the Bolsheviki have opened an offensive against Poland. It is not the first time that this announcement has been made. The threatened Russian drive against the Poles is an old story in the news dispatches. It is made now, as it has been made before, when Polish troops are not defending the generous boundaries marked out by the Peace Conference, but are actually a hundred miles deep in Russian territory. On other occasions Poland

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has begged for arms and men to ward off the approaching peril; on the present occasion the Polish statesmen are defiant. What is the answer? Simply this: Poland wants a frontier drawn as near where it was in 1772 as possible. Having seen that the Allies will not send troops to help her gain such a line, the present policy of the Polish statesmen is to assert that Poland is strong enough to hold it for herself.

FROM Southern Russia the most indefatigable propagandist of Russian counter-revolution, Harold Williams, cables that "the morale of the Bolshevist troops seems suddenly to have collapsed." The morale of the Bolshevist troops has been collapsing regularly, for Mr. Williams, ever since the summer days of 1919 when he began telling his public that General Denikin's Cossacks were the advance guard of a genuine democratic movement. What the British War Office thinks of Denikin's present position is summed up by the Associated Press in a dispatch from London, March 4th: "With the Reds in possession of portions of the Tikhoretskaya-Petrovsk Railway, General Denikin's only lateral means of communication by which it is possible to ship troops to the weak points of his line is paralyzed, and contact with the Caspian sea is imperilled. . . . The entire collapse of Denikin's resistance, therefore, is considered a matter of a short time."

FIGURES furnished by the Danish Red Cross and the Swedish Red Cross indicate that in the district east of Lake Baikal fewer prisoners of war remain than had previously been reported. Apparently about eighteen thousand Germans, Turks and Austro-Hungarians are still in the eastern prison camps. The American Red Cross, with a sense of service that does it great credit, is endeavoring to raise funds among the various relief agencies for the return to their homes of all these unfortunate men. Three and half or four million dollars, it is estimated, could do the whole job. How many prisoners would still be left, in the camps west of Lake Baikal, it is hard to guess. Certainly a great many thousands more than in those to the east. On the acquisition of new railway equipment by the Soviet government hangs the best chance of these prisoners getting home again before one plague or another wipes them out.

WILL the Senate confirm the President's selection of Mr. Charles R. Crane as Minister to China? In our opinion Mr. Crane's ability and experience ought not be the only criteria on which his nomination is either confirmed or rejected. The Senate has formally adopted a reservation to the Versailles Treaty withholding the assent of the United States from the articles ceding Shantung to Japan. On no point in American foreign policy, we believe, is there a clearer national agreement than in the support which this reservation commands. Does Mr. Crane agree that it is necessary and desirable for such reservation to be made? Or is he one of those who would say nothing now, and "bring pressure to bear" in the future? We believe it is a duty of the Senate to ask Mr. Crane where he stands before it confirms or rejects his nomination.

WITH both sides of the Senate protesting equal love for China and disagreeing only about the proper way of showing it, there remains one way for Congress to help China which does not require even an interpretative reservation. That is by making it a criminal offense to ship morphia from this country to Japan, where it can be trans-shipped to China. A recent cable to the New York Times from Peking tells of the "efforts being made to arouse the American people to the enormity of the morphia evil. . . . Yesterday a stock of opium and morphia, which had been seized, was burned outside the Temple of Agriculture. Its value was $150,000." It would be a criminal offense to ship morphia direct to China. There is no law against shipment to Japan. In the first five months of 1919, twenty-five thousand ounces of morphia reached the port of Kobe from American ports. We do not wish to share in robbing China of Shantung. Are we content, meantime, to be a partner in drugging her with morphia?

REPORTS filed by the candidate himself and by the various political committees interested in his campaign show that it cost Speaker Sweet $29,057.03 to be re-elected to the New York State Assembly. That seems an unduly large sum? Yes, it is large; but consider the patriotic circumstances under which it was spent. Mr. Sweet's opponent was a Bolshevik. That is, she was Miss Marion Dickerman, a Red Cross nurse who had served in France, and who now made her campaign largely on the industrial welfare bills which Mr. Sweet had so long been able to block in the Assembly. As the New York World points out: "To offset her attack a number of working-women from New York City were recruited to tell Oswego County farmers' wives that laws devised to protect women workers from physical collapse are an infringement of liberty and sex equality. The cost of the campaign was obviously heavy." $29,000 paid for an office with a salary of $1,500—that is Mr. Sweet's idea of representative democracy, as he turns five Socialists out of the Assembly.

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Universal Training vs. Preparedness

FOR the doctrinaire militarist there is no perplexity in the question of universal military training. War, he argues, has always been; war will always be; it is a normal, inevitable, wholesome incident of human life; therefore prepare for it, to the utmost of the national ability, that your nation may not come off worsted. For the doctrinaire pacifist the question admits of an equally simple answer. By preparing for war, the nations in the end make war inevitable. Your own nation may in good faith contemplate only defence, not aggression. But the equipment for defence is also, in the main, equipment for aggression. Hence the competition in armaments, which had become so grave, in pre-war Europe, as almost to reconcile men otherwise peacefully inclined to the thought of war.

But for those of us who are not indoctrinated with either militarism or pacifism—and we are, we believe, a great majority, at least in America—the question of preparedness in general and particularly of universal training is not so easily disposed of. We do not believe that war is anything but a plague, a terrible obstacle to the progress of civilization and in fact a menace to the existence of civilization. We believe that the most imperative duty of statecraft is to abate the risk of war and to work toward its ultimate extinction. But we cannot see good ground for assuming that the epoch of war has come to a close, now when all the Old World, from Ireland to Vladivostok, is bristling with dangerously unsettled international issues. Nor can we see ground for assuming that the United States can honorably remain aloof from every struggle that may arise. Our country may, indeed, reserve legal freedom of action under any league or alliance that may exist or later come into existence. Thereby it can not escape moral commitments. Just suppose that twenty years hence Germany and Russia have recovered their physical strength and, combined, fall under the sway of military leaders thirsting for world dominion. Could we stand by and see our late Allies reduced to the position of conquered provinces? That is an extreme assumption, but one we can not altogether exclude. And we need not deal in such extreme assumptions to exhibit the character of our moral commitments. Should we look on indifferently if Russia set about to conquer a Poland honestly trying to live at peace? Are we now justified in turning our backs while the Turks slaughter the Armenians? World peace is a vital interest of the United States, we conceive, and violence and aggression, in any part of the world, is a concern of ours, requiring us to act, if we can act effectively.

It is such considerations that lead many American democrats, though abhorring militarism and all its works, to espouse the project of universal military training. We publish elsewhere a communication from one of these, Mr. Charles W. Whittlesey, which puts the argument in terms no open-minded American can refuse to entertain. The New Republic finds no flaw in Mr. Whittlesey's premises. We believe with him that the United States is subject to risk of war against which adequate preparations ought to be made. In the past we have gone to war unprepared, and have paid for it. Being unprepared is no guarantee that we shall not go to war in the future. We believe that there are contingencies in which we could compel the peaceable settlement of international issues if our moral suasion were supported by adequate military preparations. We recognize—and so does Mr. Whittlesey—that there is a danger in placing so terrible an instrument as immediately available military power in the hands of a government not responsive to the will of the democracy. Our own government is not sufficiently responsive, but we do not renounce the hope that this defect may be remedied, since the fact that it exists is gaining general recognition. Assuming that America succeeds in subordinating statecraft to the will of the democracy, we believe that a perfectly clear principle of preparedness emerges. Our military policy, in all its details, should be adapted to our political policy as appropriate means to consciously accepted ends. No means at all and the wrong means come to much the same thing. Mr. Whittlesey alludes to the "quietism" of China. In what did it consist: in the rejection of all military means? No. In 1900 when China was most impotent, she had a million soldiers on her payroll—a larger number than any western power. The trouble was that they were bow and arrow, wooden wand soldiers, military means not adapted to contemporaneous ends. The real question before us, as it appears to the New Republic, is not whether the United States ought to be prepared to back up her policies by military means, but whether universal military training is the means best adapted to our present ends and purposes.

The first object of a rational military policy is to establish security against invasion. That object of itself may demand universal military training in countries whose geographical position exposes them to sudden hostile incursions. Switzerland and Belgium are cases in point. France, Germany, Poland, Russia are all in this position. England is not in

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such a position, she never had universal training, and in spite of her war experiences, refuses to provide for it in the future. Neither is Japan, and if she maintains universal training, it is for the sake of having large armies for use on the Asiatic continent. Least of all is the United States exposed to invasion. Before the war there were hair-raising warnings in circulation of the dangers of a sudden hostile landing on our coast. But the Gallipoli fiasco exhibited the difficulties of invasion from a sea base. As for an invasion through Mexico, what vital point could a hostile power strike, even if it could operate over a desert communication line of a thousand miles? Invasion by way of Canada would imply that England had fallen into the hands of madmen ready to risk the complete dissolution of the Empire. We are not secure by geography against the shelling of our ports or against attacks even inland by aircraft. But these are dangers that will not be warded off by men trained through six months to the use of arms and to habits of discipline, but by the rigorously professional forces of the navy, the coast defence and the air service.

If we need such vast armies as universal training would provide us with, it must be, as in the late war, for service on other continents. But where do we find, at present, or where can we contemplate in the near future a hostile force which might require the use of millions of American soldiers? The German power is broken. For a decade, at least, it can not become formidable, in a military sense, since any move in this direction would instantly bring the power of France to bear. The army of the Bolsheviki is said to be powerful—powerful at least for defence in an extremely mobile campaign. It has not now, and can not procure the material that would enable it to sweep over western Europe, against the kind of defence developed in the late war. If it made progress at all it would be in conjunction with a continent-wide revolution. And it is difficult to imagine America sending millions of men into a continent flaming with revolution.

But while a world war comparable with the last need not enter into our proximate calculations, a host of minor wars may at any time emerge—war between Italy and Jugoslavia, between Bulgaria and Rumania, between Hungary and Rumania or Czecho-Slovakia, between Poland and Russia or Lithuania or Czecho-Slovakia. If we should guarantee all the settlements of the Peace Conference, we might be forced to take a hand in such wars. We may still find ourselves morally forced to take a hand, whether we join the League or not, and with whatever reservations. But the problem would be for us essentially a police problem, not one of national war. If we take part, we should act appropriately through contingents of regular soldiers, not through youths just trained and conscripted for indefinite overseas service.

In short, we can see no need, within ten years at least, for such masses of men as universal service would provide. We see a real need for an efficient navy, for a large and thoroughly trained and equipped air service, for a regular army large enough to furnish effective contingents for service abroad if our statecraft commits us in any measure to the maintenance of the present status of Europe. And even if events in Europe took a serious turn for the worse, reviving, beyond imagination, the German menace, we should for several years be in a position to raise a great army of volunteers, trained in the late war. If we adopt universal military training, it must be for the sake of preparedness against contingencies lying beyond the next decade.

But even so, it is often argued, military training would be worth while. Train the present generation, who will not have a chance to fight, and it is more certain that the next generation, who may have to fight, will be trained. There is force in this argument. Effective preparation for war requires long antecedent preparations, if only in the matter of creating a tradition of discipline and command. Yes, but are there not other directions in which antecedent preparations are yet more imperative? We shall not, as a nation, specialize ourselves to war. We shall not spend unlimited money and energy on preparing for war. It behooves us, then, to spend most freely where the longest antecedent preparations are required.

Now, whatever may be said of the insufficient training of our officers and men in the late war, that was not our greatest weakness. We had to draw on our Allies for guns, we had to rely on them for the aircraft which we meant to contribute in overwhelming force, but hadn't the time. If we had entered the war early, before our Allies had worked out a superiority of gun power and an air service capable of disputing control with the Germans, and before the submarine problem had been in some measure mastered, we should have paid for that weakness by horrifying casualty lists.

We can not count, in future, upon finding allies who will make up our deficiencies. We ought to fix on the principle that we shall not send an American army anywhere until we can provide it with the guns and aircraft without which an army is led blindfold to the slaughter. Let us not prate over ten million men trained to arms. They belong in the same museum with Mr. Bryan's million men springing to arms between sunrise and sunset, unless they are properly backed by the professional military service which cannot be improvised out of

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a universally trained manhood, but can only be built up through many years of persistent effort. If we are going to be prepared, let us provide for those services first.

But they are terribly expensive. A hundred million does not go far in the aircraft realm, as most taxpayers now know. That is why Congress is starving this branch of the service. A hundred million soon disappear in the equipment of ordnance plants, in the provision of submarines and antisubmarine craft, in the development of the machinery of chemical warfare. We have lamed the chemical warfare service, although it is absolutely certain that the next great war, if it ever comes, will begin under a huge cloud of lethal gases. But universal service would cost little, and its incidental benefits would be worth the cost. So its advocates urge.

That, however, is a point worth investigating. What is the minimum cost at which we could give all our young men a respectable course in military training? We take it that nobody supposes that less than four months—few would say less than six—would answer the purpose at all. We take it also that nobody supposes that a brief training period, given once for all, fits a man for soldiering through the ten years of maximum liability to service. Annual or, at least, biennial periods of intensive drill, extensive manoeuvres for the training of both officers and men, would be imperative. Jaurès, assassinated for a pacifist, regarded this as a minimum. Well, one million men six months in barracks, with eventually five million men assembled for three or four weeks of drill and manoeuvres—what would it cost? Certainly not less than a billion a year.

But think of the incidental benefits, Americanization, better physique, etc. Are they not a fair offset? We agree with Mr. Whittlesey that those benefits could be had by other methods at a tithe of the cost. The four million men we have recently demobilized served, on the average, for no longer a period than the aggregate time that would be required of the young man subject to the training and reserve service. They received soldier's pay; he would receive nothing. What is their judgment of the value of the incidental benefits? The clamor for a bonus sufficiently answers this question.

America could afford to spend a billion dollars a year on universal training if she thereby placed herself in a position to execute properly a well defined, democratically approved international policy. She has no such policy, as yet; when she has one, she will need far fewer soldiers than her aggregate young manhood, and far more highly developed special services than she now has in contemplation. Financially considered, the outlay on universal training would be mainly waste. From the point of view of real preparedness, it would be worse than a waste. If we vote a billion for universal training we are not likely to appropriate adequately for any other part of our preparedness program. We shall repose a fatuous confidence in our ten million trained men, instead of facing the facts squarely and making provision for what we really need when we need it.

The New Anti-Trust Policy

IF the ruling of the Supreme Court in the steel trust case is adhered to in the other anti-trust cases now pending, the nature of the trust problem in the future may be radically changed. It was once supposed that the Sherman law was a law to enforce competition. Senator Sherman himself, in the Senate debate, had announced that the purpose of his bill was to prohibit the "new form of combination, commonly called trusts, that seek to avoid competition by combining the controlling corporations, partnerships and individuals engaged in the same business, and placing the power and property of the combination under the government of a few individuals." It would be difficult to frame a more precise description of the United States Steel Corporation. Yet the court has now held, more than thirty years after the passage of the law, that the leading steel producers of the United States, controlling half the steel output of the country, can lawfully combine under a holding company, completely eliminating competition among themselves, so long as they do not seek by unlawful means to destroy the remaining competitors outside the combination, or by collusion with them to fix prices.

The Sherman law, therefore, is no longer a law to prevent the combination of competitors. It is a law against unfair competition, against piratical price cutting, against coercion and discrimination. It is a law against trade agreements for price fixing, control of output, or division of territory between otherwise independent competitors. Perhaps it is a law against complete consolidation of all competitors in the trade. It is emphatically a law against certain forms of trade union activity. But it does not do what Senator Sherman thought it would. It does not prevent a combination to eliminate competition between its constituent members.

Such a combination, the Supreme Court now says, may have the power to "control" prices and do other acts injurious to the public. But if it does not exercise the power, if the public is not injured, the law is not violated. "By their fruits ye shall judge them." Trusts are not proscribed, but are put on

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their good behavior. Their power is not taken away, but they are enjoined to exercise it benevolently.

If that is to be the policy of the future, it is important to take stock of the machinery which we have on hand to administer such a policy. For administration of the highest order it will surely require. Logically applied, the policy of the steel trust decision will require a constant and unremitting tutelage of government over big business. If the power for evil is left, only constant vigilance will prevent the abuse of that power. It is obvious, for example, that a combination of the leading producers in a given industry can dominate the market if they desire. There may be no formal or technical "control" of prices. Even "Gary dinners" may be omitted out of deference to the Department of Justice. Competitors may be nominally free to underbid the trust. But the price list of the trust will govern the market; the independent will know that to underbid it is to court trouble. Naturally he will prefer to stay "under the umbrella." Hence to secure the public against injury, the logic of the steel trust decision will require supervision of prices, and if of prices, of course also of quality of output. Moreover every combination of competitors narrows the labor market, and gives the trust a greater power to maintain low wages and long working hours. To make the combination harmless, its labor policy must therefore be supervised. And for the protection of competitors there must be a constant watch over the methods of competition.

Are we ready to accept these consequences, so clearly implied in the logic of the Supreme Court's decision? Have we so far perfected the art of administration that we can safely undertake so vast an extension of governmental power? Has the Federal Trade Commission, for instance, vindicated the hopes of those who saw in it the promise of a new era in industrial control? Have our federal courts acquired a sufficient grip on the realities of industry and commerce to enable them to regulate and not merely to draw refined legal distinctions? The opinions of the Justices in the steel trust case scarcely indicate that they have. Nor does the experience of the past decade in railroad regulation promise much for the future.

If Congress and the public acquiesce in the new principle that it is not the mere acquisition of power by combination but the injurious exercise of power that is prohibited, they must set promptly and earnestly about the task of learning the science and art of administration. If the science is not developed, and the art is not improved, the new policy will surely fail, and we will have to go back to trust-busting—or forward to nationalization.

The Living Ideas of Woodrow Wilson

A DETACHED interpreter might perhaps sum up the events that have taken place since the armistice in some such way as this: The victors met at Paris and wrote a Treaty. They devised an arrangement for keeping Germany in permanent subjection and for denying independence to the Russian people. This project was based on the theory that America would lend itself to the task. And America, in the person of the President, promised to support the project.

They reckoned, however, without the existence of a legislative check on the foreign policy of the American executive. That check was exercised. This killed the Treaty as originally conceived. In the winter of 1920, the British government, with the assistance of the Italians and against the receding opposition of the French, proceeded in effect to rewrite the settlement. It was decided to make peace with Russia. It was decided to weaken the power of the Reparation Commission. It was decided to abandon the assumption of the Treaty that Europe was a feud, and to begin again on the assumption that Europe economically was an entity.

Such an interpretation would imply that more had been accomplished for peace by the absence of America than by the presence of the chief executive. The facts, it seems to us, support the idea. But they do not explain it, and a fair analysis would have to add what looks like another paradox: that Mr. Wilson as negotiator neutralized Mr. Wilson as prophet, and that only when Mr. Wilson ceased to be a negotiator, did his prophecies begin again to affect the thought and action of Europe.

For Mr. Wilson, in his plans for a League based on the spirit of the Fourteen Points, had crystallized the only possible and the only practicable solution of the war. His vision was true. His vision was realistic. Far from representing a fine spun theory, it expressed the collective thought of informed Europe on the outcome of the war. Wilsonism was the settlement which could reconstruct Europe; the ideas of Lloyd George at the December elections, of Pichon, of Sonnino, were day-dreaming among facts that absolutely contradicted them. Those day dreams were written into the Treaty. In less than a year they are completely discredited as a feasible settlement of the war. But the President's ideas live. They live because they are true, true to the elemental facts and the elemental hopes of the world. They live, and they inspire.

They live after the President's personal prestige

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is gone. Why is it gone? It is gone because he was not true to the ideas that he had stated. They were not his own ideas. They were ideas formulated by the liberals of the world, and expressed through him. Mr. Wilson expressed them magnificently. But he negotiated them miserably. Then occurred the personal crisis of his fortune. He came home to America pretending to believe, or perhaps believing, that the ideas he had negotiated were the ideas he had proclaimed. Of that he was unable to convince anyone. The ideas were stronger than he. They dissected his defence of the Treaty. They supplied the partisan opposition with a moral case so strong that an impassioned defense of the Treaty was impossible. The opposition gained steadily in strength as the moral weakness of Mr. Wilson's position was steadily exposed. For the falsity of his case not only gave his opponents a case, but it deprived his supporters of any argument stronger than that of expediency.

In a sense this is a tribute to Wilsonism. The ideas of which he was the great protagonist have been strong enough the world over to defeat the Treaty of which he was merely the unwilling apologist. Like Galileo he could recant under duress, but no more than Galileo could he retract the truth which had got loose in the world. It has a life quite independent of his. Who knows then but that history will honor the prophet and forget the negotiator? But history will have to add that during certain critical months the prophet was the most dangerous enemy of his own doctrine; the most dangerous, because he exploited the prestige of ideas greater than himself to prove that black was white.

Why They Condemn the Excess Profits Tax

A REPEAL of the excess profits tax is apparently to be one of the strong planks in the Republican platform. In the "model platform" promulgated by the unofficial New York State Convention the excess profits tax is alluded to only covertly, in the statement that "in the making of our laws we need more knowledge and understanding of the actual processes of business as well as an honest purpose to raise revenue and fairly to distribute the burden of government, instead of a purpose to punish or penalize some group or section." General Wood comes out openly with the assertion that "the present excess income [profits] tax is paralyzing initiative. It is a strangle hold upon the throat of business which must be relaxed if American business is to have that initiative which will be necessary to give us our share of the world's trade." And Nicholas Murray Butler thunders: "The excess profits tax is a misnomer. It is unsound in theory and most oppressive and repressive in operation. It should be gotten rid of at the earliest possible moment in order to unshackle industry, to set free initiative, and to stimulate production."

What is this paralyzing, shackling, strangling, unsound, oppressive and repressive tax, this hair-raising misnomer? The weighty gentlemen, so positive in their condemnation of it, might have the consideration for the unenlightened public to state just what it is and what specifically is the matter with it; else we may vote to kill it, thinking it is something else—a good end, possibly, but arrived at in a palpably authoritarian, undemocratic way.

We do not pretend to know just how the tax appears in the eyes of Mr. Butler and Mr. Wood and the other Republican leaders who propose to destroy it. But any plain citizen who will read the law will observe the following facts about it.

A corporation which has profits of less than $3,000 pays no excess profits tax at all.

A corporation whose profits do not exceed eight per cent on its invested capital, plus an exemption of $3,000, pays no excess profits tax.

On profits exceeding eight per cent on capital plus $3,000, but not exceeding 20 per cent, a tax of 20 per cent is levied. On the amount of profits exceeding 20 per cent on capital, the tax is 40 per cent.

Those are the essential features of the law. And the plain citizen would like to know in what the oppression and repression consists. In all the recent discussion of the railway earnings necessary to encourage the flow of capital into transportation, did any one mention a figure so high as eight per cent on invested capital? There is no doubt that the railway business would boom if eight per cent profits were in sight, yet the tax does not shear close enough to take a single mill out of eight per cent earnings. There is a huge volume of public service, industrial and commercial business that is not in the least discouraged by earnings of eight per cent. Indeed, it may safely be asserted that no legitimate concern making eight per cent will retire from business or restrict the scope of its normal operations; and most concerns would extend their business gradually so long as there was a reasonable hope for eight per cent.

Of course, every business concern cheerfully accepts greater profits. If twenty per cent is to be had, there is great buoyancy in business. It is no

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doubt something of a dampener, when you have made twelve dollars a hundred more than the necessary eight, to have the government take two dollars and forty cents out of it. Only a very self-willed business man would for that reason refuse to take the twelve dollars and so defeat the government's desire for two-forty. When you have made thirty-two dollars more than the usual return on capital, it is hard to see the government take for itself ten dollars and forty cents out of it. But after all, you remain pretty well off. You have not the same reason for crying out as the ordinary business man making eight per cent would have if the government proceeded to cut into that more deeply than it already does. Nor have you as good reason for complaint as the average laborer and employee, whose incomes hardly suffice for their living, if the government took a greater part of those incomes than it now takes. And yet, every plan for relieving the recipient of excess profits from taxation is at the same time a plan for levying heavier taxes on normal profits and personal incomes. The government needs the money; it must have the money; if it does not take it from excessive earnings it will take it from earnings that are not excessive.

We do not deny that this tax, like all other federal taxes that yield appreciable revenues, is disagreeable to pay and tends to depress individual spirits. We maintain merely that of all the taxes within the constitutional reach of the federal government, no other one is in principle so little oppressive as the excess profits tax.

In principle, we say, recognizing that with so new a fiscal expedient there must be a great number of defects of application and administration, which can be removed only through painstaking revision. The present law lets individuals and partnerships excess profits go scot free. It is often difficult to draw the line, in case of individuals and partnerships, between the earnings of capital on which excess profits should be calculated and personal earnings, properly subject only to income tax. The line can, however, be drawn accurately enough to reach a large volume of excess profits not now taxed. Some abatement of the tax in favor of profits put back into the business in the form of productive equipment might be desirable. At present something of the kind takes place, surreptitiously. Profits expended for advertising escape the tax altogether, as expenses. Yet they are nothing but investments in good will, an increase in intangible equipment, or they are sheer waste. It would be better to restrain this kind of investment and encourage instead investment in material equipment.

An excellent tax, not yet fully brought into smoothly working condition; that is the verdict we believe the great majority of the American people would pass upon it, if they examined its provisions carefully. Why then all this propaganda against it by business men and their political satellites who hope to control the Republican party and the nation? Why, the tax is "inquisitorial." Every corporation, big or little, is compelled to inform the government, every year, not only what its income is—that is easy, for nobody can get much light from income tax reports—but also what its profits are. Those reports are confidential; nobody can go to the government's books and learn just how much the B and F corporation is making. But at any time there may be a leak, like McAdoo's statement of two thousand per cent coal profits. Such leaks play terrible havoc with corporation pleas of poverty. Even the report of aggregate excess profits taxes, published year by year, might produce grave political effects at times when a propaganda for protection is going forward. The excess profits tax permits the American people to know too much about American business. That is the one really vital reason why American business wishes to abolish it. It is also one of the chief reasons why the American people should wish to preserve it.

"Espionage over private industry and the country's business should be at once abolished," declares the model Republican platform, which, by the way, has nothing to say about espionage over private persons and their private affairs. "All emergency war legislation, so far as it relates to business and enterprise should be repealed." We should amplify, that all emergency war legislation, whatever it relates to, should be repealed. The excess profits tax, we conceive, should not be placed under this head at all. Call it a war invention, if you choose; it is one that, properly developed, will serve the needs of peace and democracy.

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Leonard Wood

THERE were no end of Caesars after Julius as there are Roosevelts after T. R. is dead. The name is a magnet of affection and of votes, and whoever can carry the name can carry some of the affection and some of the votes. There is consequently a tussle for the name. The leading contender is Leonard Wood, and there are strong arguments to support him. If the Roosevelt of 1914 to 1918 is considered by himself, if the many previous Roosevelts are put out of mind, Leonard Wood may justly claim the bulk of the estate. He has some of the mannerisms, and at least one of the impulses of Roosevelt.

His managers have naturally made the most of the friendship and the resemblance. They have tried to ride Wood to power behind the fiction that whatever you found in Roosevelt you would find again in Wood. But the closer you examine the real Wood behind the pseudo-Roosevelt the more the fiction fades. For while Roosevelt was the voice of a multitude, Leonard Wood is the unmistakable voice of a faction. As you unwrap the campaign coverings you find a Robert Lincoln to an Abraham; a president of a sleeping car company to the great emancipator.

The first wrapper that comes off is the exuberant praise given Wood by Roosevelt himself. That cannot stand in evidence, for Roosevelt praised other men just as highly at one time or another. Of Hiram Johnson he said, for example, in 1912, that he was fit at the moment to be President of the United States. Then, too, Roosevelt was no Warwick. Among all his titles to fame one title will always be conspicuously absent. He will never go down in history as a successful chooser of good Presidents. The case of Mr. Taft settled that. The nomination of Henry Cabot Lodge in 1916 confirmed it. In fact, it was a fairly good rule of thumb always to vote for Roosevelt when you could, and never to vote for his candidate when you could avoid it.

Leonard Wood's grievance also has to be discarded. The treatment Mr. Lansing received did not make him a great Secretary of State, nor does Leonard Wood's treatment indicate qualifications for President of the United States. He has a grievance. He was not used during the war up to the limits of his abilities, and lesser men were given greater responsibilities. The grievance resulted from the fact that Leonard Wood could not be the first under Wilson, and neither he nor any one else knew how he could be used as a second. He was a prima donna capable only of singing soprano in a piece when there were no more prima donna parts left. It was unfortunate. It was even tragic. It will not make him a good President. And however answerable Mr. Wilson may be for the decision to keep General Wood out of France, the General's inability to disentangle his zeal for military preparedness from his feud with the Commander-in-Chief remains a part of the record.

Into the same discard with the Roosevelt inheritance and the grievance must go the advertisements of his publicity men. They are energetic if not objective, and they spare no adjectives. Finally you come to the official biographies, to The Career of Leonard Wood, by Joseph Hamblen Sears and to Leonard Wood, Conservator of Americanism, by Eric Fisher Wood. There we must pause and ponder. For these volumes are not likely to err unfavorably to the General. They are genuine documents by fervent admirers and they are written to supply the reasons why he should be the next President. I do not propose to go behind the facts as stated in these two books, except where they are supplemented by the Encyclopedia Britannica and by the writings and speeches of the General himself.

I take the facts and let the rhetoric go. It is not important that Cape Cod, where Leonard Wood lived until he was nineteen, looks to Mr. Joseph Sears like "a doubled-up arm with a clenched fist as if it were ready at any moment to strike out and defend New England against any attack that might come from the Eastward"; nor that Mr. Eric Fisher Wood has discovered that four out of the twenty-two heads of families on the Mayflower were ancestors of the General; nor that he finds in the General "hereditary traits—medical, patriotic and executive" upon which he "has built up his earnest and efficient character"; nor that a Cape Cod sea captain said that when Leonard "did get into a fight, his face sort of lit up"; nor that he is "five feet, eleven inches tall, weighs 195 pounds and has a 44-inch chest"; nor that, so far as Mr. Eric Fisher Wood knows, the only thing that Leonard Wood did at the Georgia Institute of Technology was to organize and coach "the first football team the Institute ever had. . . . His team in the first season defeated the champions of the South, and lost only one game during the two years he was its captain. . . . Starting with that impetus and proud of his initial reputation the Georgia Tech has always since then maintained a

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fine football record." These things have to be endured in a biographer as gallantly as Assistant-Surgeon Leonard Wood endured the thirst and the fatigue of the desert in his pursuit of the Apache Chieftain Geronimo.

In the pursuit of a President you traverse the sands of irrelevance right up to the close of the Spanish-American war. There is nothing in the biographies before that time to indicate the education of a statesman. A limited schooling, the Harvard Medical School in the early eighties, a brief period of practice as a surgeon in Boston, several years of Indian fighting in the southwest, time at army posts, service as the Doctor Grayson to President McKinley, and then Colonel of Rough Riders: it is not until Santiago de Cuba fell that Leonard Wood arrived on the scene as a man with a bent for administration. He was made the Military Governor of Santiago and then promoted to the Governorship of Cuba. He held that post till 1902 when the first intervention ended. The first concrete evidence of Leonard Wood's statesmanship is to be found, if anywhere, in Cuba from 1899 to 1902.

It happens to be the only concrete evidence. It is true that he was later appointed Governor of the Moro Province in the Philippines, and that he pacified the native tribes. But Presidents of great nations are not made nor even revealed by policing savages in the tropics. It is true also that General Wood was Chief of Staff from 1910 to 1914, but no one claimed then or has claimed since that Presidential qualities were conspicuous. It is to the Cuban governorship that the biographers turn, and rightly. The task of reorganizing that island was one of the moderately big undertakings of recent colonial experience, and Leonard Wood has his place among the empire builders.

How high a place it is difficult fairly to estimate. In the opinion of his biographers only the sky is the limit of their praise. They naturally dwell upon the sanitary improvements, the road building and the public works, the improvement in the administration of justice, and the modernizing of jails, asylums, hospitals and schools. That Cuba became a vastly better place to live in under the American occupation is certain, and the credit is Leonard Wood's. But we are looking for evidence of his statesmanship, of his constructive ability in the moulding of institutions. It is not enough to show that his instinct for order and for cleanliness caused him to pacify and cleanse the island when he had behind him the unlimited authority of the intervention. His biographers know that this work in itself is not enough to mark a Presidential figure. They are not content to claim that Leonard Wood "cleaned up" Cuba. They insist that "Leonard Wood knows how to build for permanency. It [Cuba] is the only Latin-American republican government which has ever endured for more than three or four years." Thus Mr. Eric Fisher Wood. It is rather interesting that the biographer picked three or four years as a measure of permanency. For the Cubans took over the government on May 20, 1902. Revolution broke out on the 28th of July, 1906, a little over two months margin of permanency. Neither of the biographers seems able to remember this second intervention which occurred a little over four years after Leonard Wood left Havana. Says Mr. Sears: The Cubans "received their country at the hands of the Americans with new laws, with a republican form of government, with their own kind for rulers elected by their own people, and began an existence that has now been running long enough to prove that the work was so well performed for them as to make the impossible possible—the rotten kingdom, a clean republic; the decayed colony, an independent proud democracy. It is a piece of work unparalleled in the annals of history." Mr. Eric Fisher Wood seems equally incapable of remembering that there was a second intervention. "Today, fifteen years later," [sic] he writes, "the Republic of Cuba still continues to function efficiently, a proof that Leonard Wood knows how to build for permanency." The record is that the second intervention began on September 29, 1906, and that the last American troops were not withdrawn until April 1, 1909. Leonard Wood did not participate in the second intervention.

Why was a second intervention required, in spite of the fact that Leonard Wood had left Cuba an independent proud democracy four years previously? I quote the Encyclopedia Britannica's article on Cuba written by Mr. Francis Samuel Philbrick, "formerly Scholar and Resident Fellow of Harvard University, and member of the American Historical Association":

> In material prosperity the progress of the island from 1902 to 1906 was very great; but in its politics, various social and economic elements, and political habits and examples of Spanish provenience that ill-befit a democracy, led once more to revolution. Congress neglected to pass certain laws which were required by the constitution, and which, as regards municipal autonomy, independence of the judiciary, and congressional representation of minority parties, were intended to make impossible the abuses of centralized government that had characterized Spanish administration.

In other words Leonard Wood left Cuba with a "constitution" but without a political code and without an institutional life. The second intervention corrected this fatal defect, and only since then can it be said that there is an approach to

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"permanency." The regime set up by Leonard Wood's intervention lasted four years and two months; the regime of the second intervention has lasted eleven years. This does not destroy the credit that belongs to Wood for what he really did accomplish, but it does make rather thin the claim of his biographers that his work is "unparalleled in the annals of history," especially when that claim is put forward with careful silence about the revolution which followed this unparalleled performance.

Leonard Wood cleansed the island of Cuba. He did not build a structure that endured. By his own standard of "deeds not words" the record contradicts the claim that he is a statesman who has built institutions. That does not mean that he does not stand fairly high among military administrators. The qualification "military" is necessary. For Leonard Wood has never governed a free people. In all his life he has never done a big piece of work where he had to rely upon the consent of free men. Whatever efficiency he has exhibited has always been based ultimately upon military force, and has been displayed among men who could not disobey. "His administration in Cuba," says Mr. Eric Fisher Wood, "has been likened to a curious mixture of old town-meeting republicanism and absolute autocracy: he never used his authority for the sake of using it as the Spanish Governors had so often done, but when it was the last resort he set his jaw and used it to the limit."

That happens to be the doctrine of the benevolent despot, and it is in terms of that doctrine that the whole campaign for Leonard Wood is made. Consequently no one can prove that the General is qualified to administer the affairs of a self-governing people because his whole experience is in the administration of dependent peoples. How well he has ruled subject peoples is, as we have seen, open to dispute. It is not open to dispute that Leonard Wood has held no single office under democratic conditions. He is trained to administer when he can command; he is, if you like, a successful colonial governor; he is, if you insist upon it, a Cromer or a Kitchener or a Roberts. Has any one seriously proposed a Cromer or a Kitchener or a Roberts for prime minister of England?

It may be that Leonard Wood has in him unsuspected abilities as a statesman in a republic. They have never been exhibited in action. The whole of Leonard Wood's claim to be President among the American people rests not on deeds but on words. Words about his relation to Roosevelt, speeches about preparedness, magazine articles about Americanism, talks to audiences in various parts of the country. There are no facts available about his deeds as an American statesman. He has not governed a California as Johnson has, or an Illinois as Lowden has; he has not been a cabinet officer like McAdoo, or an administrator by voluntary cooperation like Hoover. He proposes to jump from the government of dependent peoples and subordinate soldiers straight to the most difficult political office in the whole world. He cannot make the jump on a record of deeds. He is in fact trying to make the jump on a record of words.

The record of his words about preparedness. He was, after Roosevelt, the foremost propagandist for military foresight at a time when such a propaganda was needed. It was no fault of his that the political setting made him the agitator instead of the executive of preparedness. But unless you choose to regard the Plattsburg camps as conclusive and outstanding evidence of Presidential qualities, the fact remains that more than any other candidate conspicuously mentioned, the man who pretends most to despise words, has little but words to recommend him for the office he is seeking.

Wood is a successful agitator with a following. It is a comparatively small but fervent nucleus of people who have responded to his words and his quality. They are people with much money and great zeal, and they are truly convinced that they have a cause and a prophet. The arguments about Cuba are afterthoughts. The directing impulse was born in the period of American neutrality when the country was drifting dangerously without military preparation. Leonard Wood was one of the first to see this. For the ulterior objects of this war he cared nothing in particular, but for war, efficiently and triumphantly conducted, he cared a great deal. Roosevelt and he focussed and organized sentiment chiefly among the upper strata of society in the big cities, in the colleges and among the intellectuals. The mass of the people they did not convert,—that was done by the President with his democratic formulas. But the inner sect of the war party was Wood and Roosevelt, and that sect is Wood today.

At certain stages of the war, this sect may indeed have made a decisive and saving difference. That is a question for the historians. The significant thing now is what that sect has become. It has been deeply affected by an unhappy experience in the war. Its members were not employed actively or long enough to consume their energy, and they have been ever since in a state of balked impulse. Their frayed nerves were easily infected with the fiercest phases of the war psychology, and they have boiled and fretted and fumed. The hatreds and violence, which were jammed up without issue in action against the enemy, turned against all kinds

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of imaginary enemies—the enemy within, the enemy to the south, the enemy at Moscow, the Negro, the immigrant, the labor union,—against anything that might be treated as a plausible object for unexpended feeling.

This sect has been called conservative. It is not that in any accurate sense of the term. It is far too reckless to be called conservative. The word must be reserved for men like Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Hughes. The sect has been called reactionary. That also is inaccurate for the last thing this sect has in mind is a return to the easy-going, decentralized, unregimented America of the nineteenth century. It has been called capitalistic. It is not capitalistic, if that means that it is interested in the administration of capitalism. The sect is radical jingo with the prejudices of the junker rather than of the great industrialists. It really is incapable of distinguishing between the military government of an occupied country like Cuba and the civil government of the United States. It is a mystical sect of innovators who propose to exalt the federal government into a state of supreme and unquestionable authority. They are not finicky about law or principle. If the biographers of the General are a fair sample, they do not know much about law or principle. They have the mood, if not the courage, of the coup d'état. They have backed every attack on civil liberty. They propose to "save" by a searching of hearts and a use of force. They are the moving spirit in the performance at Albany, and Speaker Sweet has had what amounts to a blessing from the Conservator of Americanism.

The real Wood nucleus is, however, too small to win an election. It is not too small to run a campaign. It has money and conviction. What it lacks is votes, and these it is now seeking earnestly and painfully. The problem for the sectarians is: how to transfer their own zeal to a majority of the electorate? Their own response to the General is electric. His force and his recklessness and the conqueror in him have attracted about all the people in America whose fears find an answer in his strength or whose recklessness finds expression in his. The rest is hard going. The bulk of the people are either attracted to other men, or they are prosaic and not easily inflammable.

To them the General has addressed his recent speeches and articles, with every once in a while a stimulating word to the sect. Thus the General's pronouncements fall into two classes. You may call them the original and the derived, the personal and the expedient—those which express the General's impulse, and those which are meant to catch the Republican vote. The two classes of statements are distinct both in subject matter and in rhetorical emphasis. In the first class you hear the leader of the sect, the real hero of the biographies, the mystical patriot, the conqueror. In the second, and more recent, class of public statements, you hear the mumbling of the amateur Republican trying his level best to remember and repeat the Republican catchwords of 1920.

To illustrate the temporary eclipse of the vivid Wood in the vote-getting Wood take these two utterances on the subject closest to his heart—the subject of war and peace. The first was made before he was a serious candidate, April 24, 1919. He was speaking to wounded soldiers in a hospital at Detroit. Talk that any covenant, he said, will protect the world from future wars is "idle twaddle and a dream of mollycoddles." That was from the heart. Compare it with his reply of February 11, 1920, when questioned by Senator Borah: "I believe we should accept the League of Nations as modified and safeguarded by existing Lodge reservations. . . . I am in favor of and shall continue to be in favor of the well-established foreign policy of this government which conserves and promotes the interest of our own country . . . One aim . . . has always been the promotion of the peace of the world." As the Colonel might have remarked, when the elections are at hand the weasels go to work.

Clearly the twaddle and mollycoddle vein is authentic. To it belongs the General's statesmanlike contribution to the problem of how best to deal with the revolutionary immigrant. "My motto for the Reds," he said last December to the Colorado Farmers Congress, "is 'S. O. S.'—ship or shoot. I believe we should place them all on a ship of stone, with sails of lead and that their first stopping place should be Hell." In the same class belong his more amiable exhortations to women voters about their babies, to the citizens at large about the way to preserve the national stock, about how to create democracy by means of training camps, and just how to assay the percentage of patriotism in your neighbor. Any student of the higher literature of Prussianism in any country will recognize at once the choice of subjects and the emphasis. Power and prestige based on the dogma of the inheritance of acquired characteristics (Leonard Wood has "hereditary traits—medical, patriotic, executive") as preparedness for war regarded as a permanent and beneficial institution, accompanied by a lack of real interest in social and economic questions, except as they affect the supreme power state. Mutatis mutandis, it is all in Houston Stewart Chamberlain, only for him the magic word is Germanic. "And tortured one poor word ten thousand ways."

I have called this the authentic Wood. It corresponds accurately to the experiences of his life.

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Where Roosevelt, the American statesman, boasted of the many racial strains that were in him, Wood, the bearer of our White Man's burden, permits and encourages his biographers to boast that his is the pure blood of a chosen people. The essential difference between the two friends is revealed right there, the one exuberantly catholic and national, the other intensely sectarian and factional. Roosevelt at his greatest sought to speak for a church that was at least as universal as America; Wood in his most genuine moments is a member of a quarrelsome tribe.

But an appearance of catholicity he must have to secure the office he seeks. And so in recent months he has taken to himself, besides Mr. Frank Hitchcock, a perfunctory platform of views. They have no personal flavor whatever. They have none of the emphasis and none of the emotional tone that pervades the rest of his thought. They are worn like civilian clothes. But they are all tabulated in eleven articles of faith which prove the perfect Republican orthodoxy of the General.

They are (a) that we must go slow in paying the war debt and we must not tax excess profits; (b) that we must regulate privately owned railroads equitably, properly, "etc."; (c) that in foreign affairs we should be "strong, dignified, and conservative," but must protect American interests and trade; (d) that we should have "a small but excellent army and ever-ready navy;" (e) "a well equipped diplomatic and consular service"; (f) "suitable working conditions" and "an honest day's wage for an honest day's work," just how not stated by the General; (g) a protective tariff; (h) "we" should develop "a suitable merchant marine," the "we" undefined by the General; (i) economy and a budget; (j) respect for law and order; (k) no class legislation, "but" that the government be maintained under the constitution, "each department functioning strictly within its own limits."

It will readily be seen from this that the boldness and plain speaking of the General have temporarily been suppressed in the interests of his campaign for hard-boiled Republican delegates and one hundred per cent Republican business men. The General remains a terrible lion to the voteless, a brave advocate of causes that do not enter into the duties of a President, an evangelist of the spirit, but on the excess profit tax, the tariff, the Lodge reservations and the other articles of Republicanism, he is as regular as Warren G. Harding himself.

I do not wish, however, to leave the impression that Leonard Wood is morally a timid man. He is cautious at the moment, both about his platform and about resigning from the army. He has, it is true, nothing whatever to say that can be called his own on any concrete question of modern statesmanship. Nevertheless, there are energies within him, energies that do not exist in canned goods politicians like Harding. The energies of Leonard Wood are banked down just now to facilitate the scramble for delegates. But they are there. They are energies of ambition and of domination greater, I believe, than any that have appeared in American political life within our generation. They are energies that a military career of a spasmodic kind has whetted but not satisfied or organized. The energies of Leonard Wood are fiercer than his intellectual equipment can employ or control. The intemperateness of his speech and recklessness of his manner are the visible signs of a nervous system overstrained by long frustration and incomplete exercise. The energies of Wood are pent; when they issue they follow the patterns of his experience which are to use force, to ship or shoot, to act as the conqueror does among inferior peoples. There is no composure in the character of Wood. There is instead the titan's and romanticist's uneasiness in an apoplectic soul. This looks superficially like strength, and is easily mistaken for it.

WALTER LIPPMANN.

The Old Brown Jar

ON my writing desk, for many years, there stood a large brown tobacco jar, round, solid, capacious, plebeian in appearance and humble in function. One threw into it the dry remainders of the pouch, fragments of debatable mixtures, fag ends of cuts whose glamor had faded, brands tried and found wanting, brands plucked from immediate burning. The sliced lay down with the granulated. The pale yellow of Virginia, mild and dry—a spinster species tending to sharpness on the tongue —made misalliance with the dark brown of Louisiana—oily and full flavored. The costly long-cut aristocrat cohabitated with the stolid enduring plug and thin acidulous flake. Cuba and Connecticut met there with English curings, and even sometimes with the attenuated tentacles that French bureaucracy provides. It was a common melting pot of forms and flavors, the receptacle of the odds and ends of accident, an institution and a personality.

As institution, its calling was the combination of a poor house or orphan asylum with an insurance company against unexpected poverty; a refuge for the outcast, disconnected and disowned, and a provision against the chance tobaccoless hour. As personality, its profound, moral and social significance, its subtlety of character beneath a simple outward feature, I am still in the process of discovering.

At that desk I sat long hours, searching the

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heavens and the earth for symbols to do to ideas what lights do to transparencies—make them glow—and the brown jar, sitting squat and placid before me, never illuminated an idea, never glowed with its inner secret, superficially dull as the jackets of Stevenson's Lantern Bearers.

"Can such things be,
And overcome us like a summer shower,
Without our special wonder?"

They can. Daily we look with blank eyes into the blank eyes of mysteries. Not only summer showers, but thunder storms, with rolling cloud mountains and rattle of artillery, come over us without even our vague and general, let alone our special and particular, wonder. I marked the phenomenon, but made little of it. The phenomenon was this:

The mixture was accidental, but the result was not accidental. The composition was chaotic, laissez-faire, but the blend was nearly always mellow and interesting, of a comfortable and complacent flavor. Seldom could any cultured-product, of any tobacconist's forethought, better it. It never went wrong, unless there had been thrown in too large a quantity of some stringent and particular kind. Only feed the jar with miscellany and variety, and mix it well, and the result was invariably good. Moreover it never palled. Every artificial brand sooner or later wore out its welcome, but "Age could not wither nor custom stale" the infinite variety of the old brown jar. Its apparent chaos, the very miscellany of its democracy, insured its variety. But why its mellowness? Some principle there must be which works to harmony. Nature too is a miscellany, shaped by a process that draws beauty out of accidental multitude. By contemplation of my tobacco jar I seem to obtain at last some glimpses also of a social law. A symbol has got inside an idea, and the idea begins to glow.

A natural democratic society (which is virile, interesting, genial, and desirable to live in) is not an artificial concoction of statesmanship, nor a uniform multitude of people like-minded or like-circumstanced, but a complex chance composite, whose distinctions are never eliminated, but whose flavors are mutually corrective.

This continent and country of ours is like my brown jar, a capacious container, solid and imperturbable. The mixture goes wrong only when there is not enough variety, or when there is too much of some one strident or heavy element. A sufficient proportion of stolid, slow heavy people gives strength and body and digestion to a population, much as cut plug in the jar. Sharp, dry, flaky people are distressing enough as individuals; those kinds of tobacco to me are barely smokable, and even for the passing acquaintance and light frivolity of the cigarette, they are treacherous and inconvenient; but drop them in a jar and how they stir its torpidity and give edge to its dullness! A society without a leisure class, or at least many leisurely people, is probably the poorer for their absence. Like Perique, a leisure class is expensive and has a tendency to grow musty; a little goes a long way and a little more is too much; but as a flavor there is nothing like it; it is worth its cost. Wild eyed fanatics do us good, if there are not too many of them. The single-minded idealist, may be blind in every direction but one, and color blind there; his vision may be embedded in folly; but drop him in the jar, and even his folly becomes flavor.

When the prophets of reform or revolution, and the reactionary Jeremiahs of disaster, are especially noisy; when legislators and political writers are especially clamorous and important; when the air is full of "change, alarm, surprise", and nearly everyone seems to feel wronged; when classes clash, opinions wear chips on their shoulders, and suspicion puts on its deadliest glare—it must be admitted that one's pipe has a peculiar taste.

Something of the kind is happening now. Has something gone wrong with the mixture? Into this wide solid jar of a continent have been dropped large quantities of immigrant brands, which have never properly been scattered and blended, and lie mainly still on the surface. Moreover since then and of late we have neglected the customary rumination of the familiar pipe. We have been smoking the long black cheroots of war. Our palate is a bit "off"; just now, but a moment ago, there fell into the jar a small infusion of a peculiar new product with a Russian stamp on it, rank, musky, Muscovite, of which, if you get a pipe-full unblended, it appears incontinently to make you ill. We fancy we are feeling a trifle squeamish—not ill but uneasy. We lay it mainly to the cheroots. We take counsel with our neighbors how to avoid henceforward those painful stogies. Some of us doubt the security of such headache vows of the morning after. But we admit of hope, even where we are doubtful of security. In order to possess our souls in peace, two things we have to remember: First, that plug is heavy and tends to sink low in the jar. But we know well there is enough of it, there below, to steady and moralize all these jarring consistencies with its good natured bulk and oily sweetness, the imperturbable plug. Second, that if indeed some new blend and flavor never known before is developing, there is no reason to forebode. It may be as mellow a mixture as ever came out of the social jar into the personal pipe. As a blended flavor the Muscovite may come to happiest endings. There is a potent alchemy in the old brown jar.

ARTHUR W. COLTON.

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On American Philosophy

III.

John Dewey and the Chicago School

JOHN Dewey is unquestionably the one pre-eminent figure today in American philosophy; and if there could be such an office as that of national philosopher, no one else could properly be mentioned for it. The incomparable charm of William James's style has doubtless attracted more readers than the more closely knit technical arguments which make up Dewey's somewhat fragmentary philosophic writings. Yet it is a fact that Dewey is the only American to have established a new philosophic school, still known as the Chicago school. Whenever we meet with any apostles of the new philosophic dispensation called pragmatism or instrumentalism, we may be sure to find them using the arguments, metaphors, and phrases coined by John Dewey. That which in James is a matter of vision and intuitive suggestion becomes in the hands of Dewey a well organized argument that can be learned and taught, expounded and defended, used as a justification for educational policies, or as a battering ram against sanctimonious complacencies. Thus, the number and the aggressive enthusiasm of Dewey's disciples, not only in philosophy but in related realms, is rapidly increasing.

Clearly this extensive influence is due not only to rare personal qualities as a teacher, but also to the extent that his thought corresponds to the prevailing American temper of the age. His doctrine that all our ideas are, and ought to be, practical, i. e. instrumental for reforming the world and making it a better place to live in, appeals powerfully to popular utilitarianism, to the American worship of visibly practical results, of which Theodore Roosevelt was such a conspicuous representative. In a country where so many great deeds in the conquest of nature are still to be performed, the practical man's contempt for the contemplative and the visionary is reinforced by the puritanic horror of idle play and of that which is uselessly ornamental. To the pragmatic evolutionist, as to our preachers of the gospel of success, nature is like one of the prudent heroes of Smiles's Self Help. It never indulges in any play or riot of exuberant activity for its own sake. It generates intelligence only to help in the serious business of life. As a "come-outer" of the idealistic church Dewey carries with him the air of sober disillusion; but a philosophy which views external nature as just so much material to be transformed by our intelligence, appeals to the thin optimism of an industrially prosperous people, which sees success as the sure reward of intelligent effort and finds no inherent obstacle to the establishment of a heaven on earth—though it will not do for practical people to inquire too curiously what should constitute such a heaven. Dewey's confidence in the power of human intelligence to change our environment is so strong that his attention is never solicited by the incurable evils which, in an imperfect world, every child of mortal men and women must face before reaching the crowning agonies of death. His most distinguished disciples, like Professors Bode and Addison Moore, do not hide their contempt for a philosophy that can serve as a consolation, or can admit that there are evils against which our only remedy is some form of wisely cultivated resignation.

The American temper, however, to which Dewey appeals, the temper which is known and likes to be known as practical-minded and distrustful of all forms of other-worldliness, is only a part of our national trait. It may be dominant in our industrial life and even in some of our churches which are trying to replace theology and religion with "social work." But there is another America, god-fearing and evangelical or vaguely spiritualistic, which though less noticed in our urban press and literature, is still perhaps the most dominant force in our country, as our Sunday legislation and the prohibition amendment may indicate. If we judge merely by the number of adherents, there can be no doubt that our distinctive national philosophy is the diluted and Americanized form of theosophy or neoplatonism which manifests itself in the various forms of New Thought, from Mother Eddy's Science and Health to R. W. Trine's In Tune with the Infinite, and which crops out in our Pollyanna literature. The books of no other intellectual or semi-intellectual movement find so many millions of readers among our tired men of affairs, as well as in more amply leisured feminine America. Now, orthodox Christians, as well as those who hunger for the newer mystic visions to save them from the dreary emptiness of worldly success, know from experience that salvation comes not solely through our own conscious efforts but depends on the grace of powers beyond us.

It is curious that the America which believes in faith above visible works gets no recognition in Dewey who comes from the rural state of Vermont, but finds dignified expression in William James who can be regarded as Celtic or European as much as American. In fact, however, we are dealing here

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with a fundamental difference between two temperaments, which the older Henry James would have called the moralistic and religious. Dewey is essentially a moralist. His philosophy is full of the sense of responsibility, of tasks to be achieved, and of the possibilities of philosophy in helping us to perform our job more efficiently. Everything in his universe has a job or function and ought to be up and doing. The otiose observer, the one who idly admires the flowers of knowledge for their own sake rather than for their consequences, is the cardinal sinner. James, on the other hand, is essentially religious in his interests. His attention is attracted by that which makes things objects of love or worship rather than merely useful or instrumental. He is less interested in conduct than in the quality of life and our ultimate fate and well-being. Moral holidays solicit his attention more than the day's work. His frank belief in supernaturalism arises not so much out of a reasoned theory as to what really exists, as out of a sympathy with those who feel how little our conscious thought can shape our individual destinies, and how seldom the works of our hand can completely satisfy our heart's desire. With the austere self-control of the trained scientist, Dewey is willing to restrict his philosophy to that part of the cosmos for the handling of which he is technically equipped—the world of visible human conduct. Unlike James, who had a more rigid scientific training, Dewey is willing to abandon all interest in the mystery of the universe at large. He manifests no sense of the dark and unfathomable seas of being, wherein the world of human conduct occupies but an infinitesimal portion of time and space.

Despite the complexity of his sentences, which a too conscientious regard for accuracy causes to be overloaded with qualifications, Dewey is essentially one of those philosophers who, like Spinoza, impresses the world with their profound simplicity. He is entirely free from that human complexity which makes James capable of banishing the soul and even consciousness as psychologic entities, and yet capable of believing in subconscious minds, Fechner's earth spirits, and the like. Dewey is a thoroughgoing and consistent naturalist, i. e. one who accepts without question the method and the results of the natural sciences, especially Darwinian biology. In his youth he was an idealist, of the orthodox neo-Hegelian school, which professes to combine modern science and ancient religion in one harmonious system. Reflection, however, led him to find an incurable incompatibility between the diluted supernaturalism latent in idealism and the biologic or naturalistic account of the origin of consciousness which one gets from modern experimental psychology in such works as Spencer's or James's Principles of Psychology. Whether because the consequent break with the idealistic school came too late in his intellectual life to enable him to ignore his former views and to throw himself unreservedly into the development of his new insight, or whether because the temptation of controversy and the prospect of securing the triumph of a righteous cause are too irresistible in the quiet monotony of academic life, the fact remains that an inordinate proportion of Dewey's philosophic writings is polemic in character. I cannot but regard this as a great loss to philosophy, since philosophers, like others, are generally more fortunate in giving us the substance of their own vision than in denying the vision of others. The polemic spirit generally leads to a sharpening of issues which is congenial to large and enthusiastic followings, but does not promote just insight into complicated problems.

That intelligence arises in the process of organic life and in furtherance of it, that the structure of our ideas can be understood only in the light of the transformations of our environment which they affect, is the central theme of Dewey's philosophy. When he applies it to current public issues it leads to a fresh reassertion of the liberal or hellenic element of civilization, viz. that action should be illumined by the freest intelligence. In the field of education, where his essentially psychologic philosophy finds most direct application, it means not only an intelligent appreciation of our environment but a liberalizing of human capacity. But when he addresses his fellow-philosophers he tends to emphasize the practical character of ideas in a way to do scant justice to their theoretic or contemplative function. From a scientific point of view pragmatism can establish what seems to me its inherently just claims only by actual analysis of our leading scientific ideas. But such analysis requires deliberate detachment and long patient labor which can be sustained only by a love of intellectual play for its own sake. The conditions of American philosophy today do not favor such laborious undertaking. Philosophers like others are expected to show immediate results. Dewey himself is by the natural subtlety of his mind and the immensity of his liberal knowledge eminently qualified to make pragmatism an achievement rather than a promising program. But missionary zeal for a righteous cause urges more immediate tasks and more hurried methods.

When, as in his Democracy and Education, and elsewhere, he is not engaged in controversy or propaganda, the rich sensitiveness and ingrained honesty of Dewey's mind shows itself at its best in his natural responsiveness to all sorts of diverse elements, in his habitual avoidance of sweeping or unqualified generalizations and of artificial dilemmas by which easy intellectual triumphs are obtained at

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the cost of just discriminations. But when the spirit of combat is upon us, it becomes practically impossible to devote much attention to saving what is valuable in the enemy's cause. Thus when he insists that thinking arises as an effort to control our environment so as to get out of trouble, he is undoubtedly emphasizing an important and hitherto neglected truth. But the zeal of controversy leads him and his disciples to assert this, not as a general but as a universal or exclusive proposition, and thus to deny the Aristotelian view that philosophic knowledge arises from natural wonder or curiosity, from the desire to know just for the sake of knowing. Professor Moore is especially vehement in denying that there is a fundamental desire to know, coordinate with, rather than subordinate to, other desires. But no one who has ever watched unspoiled children, can deny the tremendous reality of the desire to know, not in order to throw light on the object of other desires but for its own sake. Nor should this desire be dismissed as childish. The history of science shows clearly that when this idle and unfettered curiosity about the world is indulged in as a joyous pastime, it leads to such momentous results as the discovery of mathematics by the Greeks or of modern physics in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. On the other hand, when stoic philosophies rigidly insist that our thoughts should be directed to the ends of ordinary human conduct, they dry up the springs of intellectual vision. I mention this, not only to show the very serious danger to American philosophy from this neo-stoicism, but to illustrate how the controversial attitude cuts it off from the more adequate performance of its own task, to wit, the analysis of the nature of knowledge. For the tendency of philosophy is to stretch terms like "practical" to include everything, even the purely theoretical; but the tendency of controversy is to restrict terms so as to leave room for assailable alternatives. If the Holy Sepulchre be everywhere one cannot effectively preach a crusade to redeem it from the infidels.

That thought arises because of the desire to get out of trouble, is certainly true, if "desire to get out of trouble" is stretched to include what it does not ordinarily connote, such as the love of intellectual play, or the impulse to imitate, as when philosophers rush to adopt an idea like natural selection after it acquires eclat in biology. Knowledge is experimental—aye, if we recognize with Peirce that there are mental, as distinct from physical, experiments, and that pure mathematics is full of them. The truth of general propositions is to be tested by their consequences—certainly; but if this is to mean anything definite and not a mere shifting of the difficulty, we must have a real clue as to what consequences make a proposition true. The old-fashioned assumption that there are certain absolute particular facts and that these of themselves can confirm or deny general beliefs, is one that a clear-minded man like Dewey cannot accept. For what we should consider the fact in a given case is never independent of previous assumption. Thus when Dewey rejects God, freedom, and immortality on the general ground that philosophic concepts can no longer serve as sanctions, he opens himself to the ad hominem argument that his alternative concepts, experience, evolution, and democracy are also sanctions, resting on no really superior evidence. The consequences of accepting one set of categories are assuredly different from the consequences of accepting the other. But that which determines people to accept one or other set of initial assumptions makes them differ also as to which set of consequences they regard as preferable, and the pragmatic test of truth does not in fact settle philosophic issues.

Though essentially a moralist, Dewey does not give us a clear answer to the fundamental ethical question, what is good? In trying to make the world better, what is to be the test as to which of two alternatives *is* the better? The reason for this failure comes out clearly in his essay on Nature's Good (in the volume called The Influence of Darwin). He is so averse to the old classical formulas for the summum bonum that made no particular difference in specific cases, that he falls back on a very naive ethical atomism: every situation has its own good. But that is to dodge the whole difficulty. For, not only does life fail to divide itself into a convenient number of disconnected "situations", but in every actual ethical problem, as he himself points out, there is a conflict between rival considerations. If, e. g. class exploitation is to be regarded as evil and rejected, it is to be rejected not only when it affects Mr. A or Mr. B, on the 5th or the 6th day of the month, but as a general rule to control judgments in particular cases.

When Dewey and his disciples insist that philosophy must serve human weal and welfare, they assert something which no one can or wishes to dispute. Compassion for human suffering is at the bottom of all that is noble in human effort. But the significant question really is, wherein does human weal consist? When they exclude from human welfare the philosophy which is naught but a distant vision, and can serve only as a consolation, or intellectual pastime, they seem to me to be falling into a most grievous error. For not only do consolations and pastimes—the essence of religion and fine art—most directly minister to human welfare by bringing us relief from anguish and offering us positive joy, but no human work could long prosper without them. A foolish use of pastimes and consolation

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may indeed dull the edge of industry. But the humblest human wisdom has always recognized the dullness of naught but work. Vacations and holidays, wherein we can completely forget the routine of our daily tasks, are necessary, even in the interests of the narrowest kind of industrial efficiency. Nor would the pragmatist be inclined to overlook this obvious point, if it were not for the zeal to contrast sharply the spirit of the new as against the old philosophy. They are also misled by the phrase, "making the world a better place to live in," which suggests mastery of the environment rather than of our own desires. But so long as human desire outruns human capacity, even as the range of our vision exceeds the field of our reach, the way of happiness must include not only the mastery of nature but also the mastery of our own selves. The latter cannot be attained without fearless examination of the limitations of human capacity, due to the fact that we live in a world that is not expressly designed for human comfort. That is why no philosophy that lacks a cosmic outlook can hope to do full justice to the specifically human problem. Even if it were true, as Dewey contends, that the fate of the cosmos has no bearing on the specific issues of education, morals, or politics, it would still not be devoid of the profoundest human interest. In seeing human fate as part of a great cosmic drama, men rise above their petty limitations and learn to look upon their own passions and achievements with that measure of aloofness which is essential to the liberal life. In this respect pragmatists have never improved on the founder of their school, Chauncy Wright, who, though as rigorously scientific a mind as ever lived on this side of the Atlantic, could still admit that religion and metaphysics had probably done more for human happiness than the narrow evidence of material science can well estimate.

Though some degree of impartiality is necessary to render his account even intelligible, the philosophic critic knows that complete impartiality is unattainable, and that he must leave to the discriminating reader the task of discerning and correcting the distortion resulting from partisan bias. But if my account of Dewey fails to bring into proper relief the great positive achievements which make him one of the great figures of recent philosophy, the failure is due to the fact that I am writing not as much about Dewey's own vision as about the general tendency in American philosophy of which he is the most distinguished representative. With the kernel of pragmatism I am in hearty agreement. But it is difficult to emphasize properly such fundamental agreements as one has been habitually taking for granted. Having been led to philosophy through the concrete problems of physics and social policy, I share as a matter of course Dewey's scorn for those who in indolent piety continue to worship at empty shrines. But I cannot grow enthusiastic at the sight of a really first-rate mind crusading against those for whom time is already erecting proper sepulchres. The multitude will not be fed by exhorting to work those who will be unproductive in any case. Nor does the interest of agriculture demand discontinuance of all worship. Rather ought we to look for new objects more worthy of human adoration. For the human need to worship is fundamental; and those most absorbed or skilled in producing the material necessities, the Sancho Panzas or the Huck Finns, always recognize the inherent superiority of those who can see visions, even if the latter be no better than those of Don Quixote or Tom Sawyer. For, where there is no vision, the human spirit perishes from suffocation.

As one who has been brought up in the humanistic tradition, Dewey himself loves to see things with their historic vistas. His own interest in the clean and dexterous manipulation of ideas is so strong that the keenness of his arguments arouses my breathless admiration. One might readily quote him to the effect that philosophy is vision, imagination, reflection, and that sympathetic understanding and the free play of ideas are superior to skill in the accumulation of external products. He is, therefore, perfectly sincere in protesting that when he speaks of the practical character of ideas he does not mean that they should minister to ends of the bread and butter type. But a philosophy must not be judged simply by the character and intention of the founder, but by its emphasis and general tendencies. And the main tendency of this crusade on behalf of the practical is undoubtedly to disparage and leave no room for purely theoretic studies like the theory of prime numbers, which for all their glory have not, and perhaps never will, find any application to the specific problems of conduct. Dewey himself seldom takes his illustrations of knowledge from theoretic sciences like mathematics or from the sort of knowledge that a philosopher acquires when he understands the pragmatic theory. He repeatedly expresses his dislike for "contemplative surveys of existence" or analyses of "what is past and done with." His greatest fear is lest philosophy should lose touch with that which for the moment absorbs the multitude, and he is never weary of trying to eliminate "otiose" or purely contemplative thought—forgetting in his plea for philosophy as a guide to action, that mere contemplation is itself a most intense kind of action, preferred to all other forms of action by great and richly experienced minds, like Plato, Aristotle, and Dante. Indeed, it is difficult for enthusiastic devotees of the idea of universal evolution to avoid altogether the genetic fallacy,

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the confusion between the organic origin of knowledge and its present human value. But though vision may be an outgrowth of touch, it is certainly different and no longer restricted to the tangible.

Dewey's philosophy is essentially urban, industrial, and entirely public. There are no nooks in his universe which the soul can call its own. It is full of the sense of men hurrying to work, struggling against all sorts of material difficulty and the stupid selfishness of their fellow-beings, and finally succeeding by dint of superior intelligence in the manipulation of things. It is pervaded also by a noble indignation that there should be so many parasitic idlers and unused palaces, so much class exploitation. But there is no sense in it of natural sunlight or God's free air, wherein even now the children of men sometimes play in utter abandon. No sense of the loneliness of the individual human soul, facing the indifferent earth, sea, or sky, or the eternal procession of the stars that ever mock man's silly pretension to exalt himself as the master of the universe.

It would be idle for anyone to undertake today a definitive judgment on Dewey's philosophical achievement. He is still fortunately in the prime of his intellectual activity, some years younger than was James when he published his Pragmatism and his Pluralistic Universe. But I doubt not that history will record that in an age of waning faith in human reason, he was one of the few who rallied those who believed in the cause of liberalism based on faith in the value of intellectual enlightenment. But the future may wonder at the naive and entirely uncritical way in which such a keen mind could accept the hypothesis or myth of universal evolution, and at his failure to recognize that despite its supreme worth, human intelligence is frail, pathetically impotent in the face of great physical stress, or vital impulse. Important as are the intellectual differences between men, we are all of the same clay as the insane and the criminal, even as the most potent and enlightened emperor, Marcus Aurelius, is father in the flesh to the unspeakable Commodus. Such reflections may be useless and unpleasant, but no philosophy can claim to be the liberating truth unless it faces them resolutely.

MORRIS R. COHEN.

Admiral Horthy, Dictator

SO the big Kolchak is out, and the little Kolchak is in. Hungary, at last, is made safe for democracy, and vice versa. Admiral Nicholas Horthy de Nagybanya, Commander-in-Chief of the Hungarian National Army, who on the sixteenth of November, A. D. 1919, rode into the streets of Budapest, mounted upon a white charger, the banner of the Holy Virgin, patron lady of Hungary, waving above his head, has become, by act of the newly-elected National Assembly, Regent of State. He thus has attained the Hungarian reality corresponding to the Russian pretence of the late lamented Supreme Ruler of Omsk. Hungary, at last, has a government of law and order, a government with which the Allies deem it fit to deal, a government blessed even by General Franchet d'Esperey, the master mind of French statesmanship in the Balkans.

The Russian line of development Kerensky-Lenin-Kolchak is closely paralleled by the Hungarian line Karolyi-Kun-Horthy. Karolyi, like Kerensky, represented the intellectual radical element—the Gironde of his particular revolution. Karolyi, like Kerensky, cherished an unrequited love for the Entente. Karolyi, like Kerensky, saw his dream of a pro-Ally constitutional democracy shattered by Allied ignorance and hostility. Karolyi, like Kerensky, sent to Paris one frantic appeal for help after the other. Karolyi, like Kerensky, was not heard. So Karolyi, like Kerensky, was eliminated, and Bela Kun came in, just as Lenin had come in, to mend himself what the Allies refused to help mending.

Now here appears a little hitch in the analogy. The little hitch consists in the statistical fact that there are 130,000,000 Russians, but only 10,000,000 Hungarians. Also, the distance between Omsk and Moscow is 1500 miles; the distance between Siofok, the Omsk of the Hungarian Supreme Ruler, and Budapest is only 65 miles. So Kolchak did not get to Moscow, although he was assisted by the first-rate powers of Britain, France and Japan. On the other hand, Horthy did get to Budapest, although assisted only indirectly by the mere fourth-rate power of Rumania. The Russian Admiral Horthy tried to march upon Moscow from behind the skirts of the Right Honorable Winston Spencer Churchill, and failed miserably. The Magyar Admiral Kolchak tried to march upon Budapest from behind the skirts of the Allied missions at Budapest, and proved a conspicuous success. On November 16th last he entered Budapest, at the head of his gallant army, fresh from the victories gained over the Jewish civilian population of western Hungary. He was acclaimed by the unanimous ovations of the people of Buda-

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pest. That unanimity had a good, substantial reason, too. Those who were not unanimous enough were violently and repeatedly hit upon the head and thrown into prison. It was a great national festival.

Today, three months after that glorious entry, Admiral Kolchak—beg your pardon, Admiral Horthy, is dictator of Hungary. He is dictator de jure, after being dictator de facto all the time between. The world is assured by official press dispatches that he was duly appointed by the National Assembly, which had been chosen by popular vote in the general elections of January 25, 1920. The calling of that Assembly was the chief condition stipulated by Sir George Clerk, representative of the Allied Supreme Council, in his note read before the Magyar leaders on the morrow of Admiral Horthy's entry. Said Sir George:

> . . . . The Allies by no means desire to intervene in the internal affairs of Hungary, but they desire from Hungary the creation of a provisional coalition government which will give them pledges for free, impartial and democratic elections . . . . As soon as possible the elections must be held which will enable Hungary to tell the whole world what form of government she desires . . . .

After negotiations lasting for about three weeks the first of the two conditions implied was fulfilled. Mr. Friedrich, the premier, whom Sir George refused to recognize because he had been appointed by the Archduke Joseph, whom the Supreme Council refused to recognize, yielded his office to Mr. Charles Huszar, an old time Clerical politician of indifferent accomplishments. Most of the ministers came from one faction or other of the great Christian bloc, the party of Mr. Friedrich, who himself retained the important portfolio of War. There were in the ministry representatives of the Party of Small Landholders, a conservative peasant body only a shade less reactionary than the Christian Nationals; of the Democrats, the party of the Budapest bourgeoisie, monarchist, but moderately liberal; and, owing to the insistence of Sir George Clerk, two Social Democrats, Peyer and Miakits, also were included.

But this cabinet was formed merely to insure "free, impartial and democratic elections." Nothing could be more justified than Sir George's emphasis on the need for elections. There was nobody entitled to speak for the nation; it would be difficult to define whence the Huszar cabinet, appointed by nobody in particular, derived its authority. Sir George may have been an innocent optimist when he so emphatically disclaimed Allied desire to intervene in Hungarian affairs; about the necessity of holding elections he was undobtedly right.

This second condition was fulfilled on January 25th. Hungary has spoken. According to the cables, the general elections took place on that day in perfect order and tranquillity. Ninety-five to ninety-eight per cent of the constituencies returned the candidate of the government bloc; monarchist, nationalist and Christian.

This result may be deplorable from the point of those American and British liberals who would have preferred a republican régime in Hungary, as a better safeguard of peace and stability in south-eastern Europe. But the people of Hungary have decided otherwise. There the matter ends.

But does it?

There is only one little "but." The official press dispatches described the elections as "orderly." They did not waste words about their being "free, impartial and democratic." They did not say anything as to how the elections were prepared for and conducted.

A most regrettable omission, this. For the newspapers of Vienna, Prague, Zurich, Berne, even of Budapest were less reticent than the official Budapest communiqué transmitted by the Associated Press. From those newspapers it is possible to reconstruct what actually happened, and thus to test the "freedom and impartiality" of the elections.

Well, to begin with: On December 1st, the Neue Freie Presse of Vienna quoted, from the Budapesti Hirlap, a decree of the Magyar minister of interior, Mr. Beniczky, to the effect that those communists against whom the public prosecutor laid no charges, but who have shown by their conduct that they are dangerous to the order of the state, are to be interned. The first group of such communists was sent to the concentration camp at Hajmasker on November 29th.

Observe the express qualification: only those communists were to be interned against whom the public prosecutor laid no charges. It may be surmised that the public prosecutor of the Huszar-Friedrich government was no slacker in laying charges against communists wherever he saw a chance. But we shall not deal in surmises. The Social Democrats, represented in the coalition cabinet by Peyer and Miakits (described in the Left Wing Socialist Berner Tagwacht as rabid and despicable social-patriots) did not deal in surmises. They knew. And they protested violently.

An interesting comment to the internment decree was furnished by Mr. Friedrich himself, who, according to the Prager Tagblatt of December 6th, made, on December 4th, a speech in the National Christian Club and said, among other things:

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> The demand is made that we shall break up the internment camp. We shall, on the contrary, intern more people. We shall send the Jews to the Hajmasker camp . . . . What I have not achieved as a premier or war minister, I shall achieve as a party leader.

On December 10th, the Pester Lloyd reported an order of Mr. Beniczky providing for the internment or expulsion from the country of all foreigners (with families) whose presence was dangerous or undesirable for the public interests. This order purported to refer to the thousands of Galician Jews who, during and after the war, poured into Budapest and by their wholesale and petty profiteering contributed greatly to the rise of anti-Semitism. However, the real intent of the order was revealed in a "joker" as follows: Hungarian citizens may also be interned for similar reasons. Similar reasons, that is: for being undesirable for the public interests, as conceived by the Huszar-Friedrich government.

The danger was clearly discerned by the Pester Lloyd, that ancient bulwark of Hungarian high finance, a paper with about as much sympathy for communism and communists as the New York Times. It protested immediately against the internment of Hungarian citizens "merely on the ground that their actions are considered by the administration dangerous, suspicious or injurious." This order, the paper meekly infers, is "liable to great abuse, especially as there is no provision for appeal."

The workings of the internment order were described in the Vienna Arbeiter-Zeitung, organ of the Right Wing of Austrian Social Democracy, in an article published on December 23. A summary reads: *

> The Huszar government has ordered the internments and formed the notorious camp of Hajmasker in order to close the mouths of all Social Democrats and progressives and to rob the proletariat of its leaders on the eve of the general election. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of families will be quartered in dilapidated, unsanitary buildings, where they will slowly perish of insufficient nourishment, cold and epidemics. Women and children, the aged and the infirm, have been interned, their only fault being that they are relatives of some Social Democrat or some person obnoxious on other grounds to the dominant class. *It is expressly decreed that only those are to be interned who are not suspected of any penal offence.*

According to Vienna newspapers, by the middle of January the number of the interned aggregated 40,000, and in the Hajmasker camp typhus was decimating the prisoners.

It was in this manner, then, that the Huszar-Friedrich coalition government redeemed its pledge, given to Sir George Clerk, about holding "free and impartial" elections to ascertain the will of the nation. By the first of the year, according to the Berner Tagwacht's Budapest correspondent, all members of the trade union executive committees were either imprisoned or interned. Social Democratic campaign workers were labelled communists and interned; several candidates (six names are given) were arrested or kidnapped. Not even the Social Democratic members of the cabinet were spared. The Minister Peyer attempted to address his constituents at Dorog. The sheriff, accompanied by gendarmes, appeared in the hall and dissolved the meeting, threatening the minister with arrest if he resisted.

Social Democratic propaganda through the press was made completely impossible. On December 5th, a White mob, in which army officers were conspicuous, raided the premises of the Nepszava, the chief Social Democratic daily, and destroyed everything from the printing presses to the editorial letter files and furniture, causing a damage of 20,000,000 crowns. The distribution of electioneering pamphlets and flyleafs was either prohibited outright by the government or prevented by gangs of "Awakening Hungarians," the mob of Catholic undergraduates who had conducted the abominable anti-Semitic excesses during the Rumanian occupation and who formed Mr. Friedrich's household mainstay. Publications passed by the censor were emasculated beyond intelligibility. Thus the Social Democratic executive issued a leaflet, drafted in the most harmless terms possible, and ending with the appeal: "Workers! Comrades! Cast your vote for the Social Democratic candidates!" This was too much for the censor; the last sentence was deleted. It can be imagined what was left.

As a result of these methods, the Social Democratic ministers, Peyer and Miakits, who had entered the cabinet on the express demand of Sir George Clerk, resigned from the government. With their retirement the first condition imposed by Sir George Clerk: that the elections should be supervised by a coalition government, including minority representatives, has ceased to obtain. By way of protest the executive of the party ordered Social Democrats to refrain from voting altogether.

But it was not only the Social Democrats whom the terror of the government and its supporters sought to intimidate. The bourgeois liberals were in a plight hardly less desperate. The internments broke the backbone of whatever liberal opposition to the Christian National bloc might have developed. To quote one characteristic case of the many: Dr. William Vazsonyi, founder and leader of the bourgeois Democrats, one of the most bril-

* This summary, like the above quotations, is taken from the Review of the Foreign Press of London.

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liant members of the old parliament and a zealous royalist who in the last days of October, 1918, had exerted himself to the utmost to save the throne of Charles IV, was nominated in one of the Budapest districts. In his Viennese refuge he declared that under the prevailing conditions he did not consider it safe to return even if elected, and announced his decision to retire from Hungarian politics for good and settle in Switzerland.

So much of the methods by which the National Assembly, with its 95 per cent majority for the Christian National bloc, got itself elected. It was a National Assembly chosen in the manner described above which in its turn appointed Admiral Horthy Regent of the Hungarian state. Now a word or two as to what his regency will stand for.

The government bloc in the assembly consists, besides minor groups, of two great parties: the Christian National party, to which Messrs. Friedrich and Huszar belong, and the Party of the Small Landholders, led by Julius Rubinek and Stephen Szabo.

Mr. Rubinek was formerly president of the so-called Omge, the all-powerful union of Hungarian landed proprietors. It may be mentioned that out of the 123 candidates of the Small Landholders' party only 19 were small landholders, whereas 28 were lawyers and other professionals, and 76 landlords owning estates anywhere between 10,000 and 100,000 acres each. This, for a party of small landholders, speaks eloquently enough; and in fact the group, although the rank and file may not be, as yet, aware of it, stands for the restoration of feudalism pure and simple. It stands for other things, too, equally progressive. In a speech at Kecskemet, Mr. Rubinek, who holds the portfolio of agriculture in the Huszar cabinet, put forward the demand that the number of Jews who might enter the professions should be limited by statute, and that the press, which is largely responsible for the ruin of Hungary (and this charged by a man who had been one of the chief instigators of the tariff war on Serbia!) should be recaptured for Christianity and the nation.

As to the Christian National party, its program embraces four planks: anti-Semitism, militarism, monarchy and revanche. A Hungary without Jews is one of its chief demands. Here is a characteristic utterance of its leader, Mr. Friedrich, as quoted in the Manchester Guardian:

> I am an unshakable advocate of a Christian nationalist policy, of the territorial integrity of Hungary, and of the monarchy. I am not in favor of disarmament; in fact, I would rather leave my post. We cannot relinquish our one remaining weapon. I frankly acknowledge that we cannot and will not trust the Entente . . . . The time for my policy will come, and then I shall act in favor of the Millennial Kingdom . . . .

As to Admiral Horthy himself, he also, although a man of action and few words, a non-partisan pariot, a strong silent sailor-soldier etc. (for epithets see the writings of the Kolchak eulogists, passim) says occasionally a thing or two. Thus his views on social policy were admirably summarized by him in a statement published in the Nemzeti Ujsag (organ of the Christian Socialists) on the eve of his entry to Budapest last November. He said:

> I do not approve of the way in which a section of the workers spends the funds of the trade unions for the purpose of agitation. I shall not confiscate the property of the trade unions, but I shall control their proceedings. The contributions of the workers may only be used for the welfare of the workers . . . . As for the Social Democrats, I have had no dealings with them . . . . I order, and they obey.

On December 6th the Arbeiter-Zeitung quoted a speech of Admiral Horthy in which he declared that the territorial integrity of Hungary was a necessity of worldwide importance, and "could not be upset by the megalomania of a crazy Paris lawyer" (meaning Clemenceau). In these matters, he said, they would not so much as agree to a plebiscite, for they were going to avoid even the appearance of renouncing their rights.

And, according to the Neue Zürcher Zeitung, on January 30th Admiral Horthy declared before the convention of the Christian party that Hungary will sign whatever terms of peace are submitted to her by the Allies, because it was only in this way that time could be gained for the reorganization of the Hungarian army. The task of the Hungarian government, he went on, is to train the entire people to the use of arms and to build up a well-disciplined army. . . .

. . . . . .

Throughout the article I have advisedly refrained from entering into details of the numberless atrocities committed by the White Terrorists of Hungary: of the massacres of Jews in the Trans-Danubian country; of the detestable excesses perpetrated by the Budapest mob under the guidance of White officers and politicians; of the wholesale executions of suspects; of the strangling of the Hungarian press; of the dismissal of Jewish professors and exclusion of Jewish students from all universities and colleges; of the burning of 15,000 books of the Budapest municipal library; of the propaganda conducted by the Christian National leaders and press for the economic boycott of Jews on the Polish pattern. An account of these things would —and shall—fill a volume. Beside this record of seven months of White rule in Hungary the worst that can be proved of the Red Terror in either Russia or Hungary pales into insignificance. I shall

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also refrain from an analysis of the implications of Admiral Horthy's regime in the field of international relations and its only possible effect on the peace of Europe. In conclusion, however, I should like to ask a question.

Why is it that the Allies today deal with the government of Admiral Horthy, whereas a year ago they refused to deal with the government of President Karolyi?

There is a report that Count Apponyi, leader of the Hungarian peace delegation at Neuilly, enumerated sixty absurdities of the treaty submitted to them by the Allied representatives. It is a safe bet he did not mention the greatest absurdity of them all: that he, the man whose ecstatic cry "At last!" broke the awed silence with which the announcement of the declaration of war on Serbia was received in the Hungarian Parliament; he, who as minister of education had done more than any other individual except, perhaps, Count Tisza, to incite hatred of the Hungarian state and all things Magyar in the Slavs and Rumanians of Hungary; that he, the embodiment of Magyar chauvinistic megalomania, is today at Paris, speaking for a government that has earned for itself a place in history next to that of Enver and Talaat, butchers of Armenia—that he is permitted to speak for Hungary, when Count Michael Karolyi, a sincere friend of England and France, a noble idealist and far-sighted leader, is a penniless refugee in a Prague garret, outlawed in the country for which he sacrificed his all; when Oscar Jaszi, the one Magyar statesman in a hundred years who would have been capable of solving the nationality problem of Hungary had he been given a dog's chance, is an exile in Vienna; when all the best men of Hungarian statesmanship, literature, art and science are either refugees in foreign lands or else rotting in the prisons of an Asiatic despotism.

Why?

The liberals of America may be interested in the answer to this question.

EUGENE S. BAGGER.

The Captain's Wife

She is a little woman with a frightened voice
Lavishing whispered endearments on a ragged poodle.
She comes on deck seldom and never looks forward.

To-day she came above with the captain
While it was my wheel.
When I glanced from the compass
Out over the sea at a flying fish
I caught him watching me guardedly
With little piggy eyes.

ROBERT J. ROE.

Poets of the New Patriotism

IN the far-distant defence beyond the endless hills of Greece, where week succeeded week and month, month in the unutterable boredom of waiting for something which never happened, in the maddening realization that the years were being wasted militarily and that civil ambitions were long-since dead of inanition, the soul of the fighting man turned bitter within him. Outside Salonica, where mysterious adventure dangled its lure before jaded minds, the hospitals seemed like oases in the desert of meaningless routine. Disease stalked the hills and found a welcome on every hand. The craving for expression was imperative, the desire to rip and blister the mean-spirited fates which had dumped them down in that abomination of desolation. Like dysentery, a wave of verse-making struck down these unfortunate exiles. They found their safety-valve in rhyme or free verse which poured into the dingy room in a back alley of the Rue Venizelos where the Balkan News,—that daily chart of hope and despair,—was so ably edited by Albert Kinross in those early days when the Serbs were licking their wounds in the isle of Corfu. Their whole emotional experience was produced by bully beef. Their souls were soaked like sponges in khaki dye. The years gave them nothing but the unvarying aspects of war, stripped of its glamour and romance, stark in disenchantment. What should they rhyme about if not that overwhelming state of being which, however much they might resist, demanded not only their bodies, but their minds and ambitions, their present and future, until such time as death should relieve them?

The weight of days had its light and shade, however,—the light consisting only of a murky gray by contrast with the sombre depths. So at times they cracked a sort of smile with their pens,—a smile that stabbed with its pathos, making the laugh seem like the grinning of skeletons. Privates, N. C. O.'s and officers composed that catholic chorus who strove thus to shield the flicker of light in the lamps of their souls from the infected wind which blew across the cess-pit of Europe. It is that inner striving which makes war a hell, not the actual fear of death, maiming or capture, but the ceaseless struggle to guard one's ideal against the gradual mental strangulation that rises from an army like a miasma-cloud from a fever swamp. It is a more subtle heroism than that which wins decorations. There accompany it none of the intense emotions stimulated by going over the top in a barrage, by killing the enemy in personal combat with bomb or bayonet. It is a lonely task for every day, and more particularly for every night when the in-

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tangible foe presses on more terribly, when the same reserves, wearily called up, crawl reluctantly to one's aid as though smitten with creeping paralysis. They fought the good fight, these English singers among the age-old hills of Greece, catching something of the divine spark which has lain dormant there these many centuries; and if their songs have fallen silent and the jackals have ceased to snuffle at their scattered bones, yet their effort has proved them worthy of a resting-place in that land which is the home of all poetry.

At the other end of the gash across the face of Europe were luckier singers. War has been defined as "months of infinite boredom punctuated by moments of intense fear." The Salonican fighters contested chiefly with boredom. Those of the western front were luckier in that intense fear was their daily ration and correspondingly their emotional reactions were greater. They descended into the seventh circle of hell before their utterance was crystallized. The sword of Damocles dwindled to the proportions of a jack-knife. They held life and death in equal insignificance. All previous standards and set values were thrown into chaos by this blinding new light. At moments they saw as through a giant magnifying-glass, at others as through the wrong end of a telescope,—a process of mental and emotional excitation which, in the effort to preserve sanity, demanded fundamental readjustment. Hence the exalted patriotism, the sulphuric hate, the terrible irony which leap out from the pages of any collection of war poems.

It is difficult to understand how the fervid patriots and the men whose pens became dipped in vitriol which they splashed in the face of all untruth can be actuated by the same stimuli. These are the two main types, admirably exemplified by Rupert Brooke and Siegfried Sassoon. Each was inspired by the same sights and sounds. Brooke, with every nerve quivering, shrank away from reality, and, like an oyster with a grit inside its shell, covered it with a translucent pearl. He refused to look with a seeing eye at the grim detail of festering corpses and mangled, rotting limbs. His stomach was not strong enough. He held his nose at the reek of war and flew away to a far place from which he might look down, undisturbed by irritated senses upon the spectacle of the world at death-grips. From that illimitable distance, safe from truth and reality, he sang his gentle songs with charming sincerity and very natural egoism.

Sassoon stood straight and unafraid, with eyes that did not turn from the last revolting horror, with a perception that dissected it into its uttermost meanings and their relation to all future time. Not for him to decorate "some corner of a foreign field" where shall be "in that rich earth a richer dust concealed". His foreign field was,

> "The place . . . rotten with dead; green clumsy legs
> High-booted, sprawled and grovelled along the saps;
> And trunks, face downward, in the sucking mud,
> Wallowed like sandbags loosely filled;
> And naked sodden buttocks, mats of hair,
> Bulged, clotted heads slept in the plastering slime . . ."

The morbid sentimentality which glories in the opportunity of having its head blown off by a pip-squeak "for King and Country's sake", and places wreaths on its own grave, finds no place in the philosophy of Sassoon. It is worthy of comment, en passant, that the majority of those who sang in praise of death found it, while the greater number of the others came through.

It is, of course, obvious that the Brookes far outnumber the Sassoons, not only in England but in every country actively engaged. Perhaps it is equally obvious that their laurel wreaths are due half to the fact that their poems touched a chord in the excited pugnacity instincts of the majority, half to the fact that their appearance in the Roll of Honor was undoubtedly the highest form of advertisement which the "jacket-writers" could conceive. The Sassoons appeared like sign-boards on the great Brooke's road, each with a finger pointing out other ways. Each tore a little more from the veil of sacrosanctity which shut off the political, military and religious Holy of Holies from the trusting worshippers. Their lines do not ripple pleasantly on the tongue. They bite and burn, leaving an unpleasant aftermath. Their stark truth is like a kick in the face from a mule. They are the Zolas of the battle-field and, like him, are banned by all the spiritually weak-stomached who have never heard of the line of greater resistance; but read and memorized by all who came back with the gift of understanding. "Miles" has voiced their common attitude.

> "Why should we sing to you of little things—
> You who lack all imagination?
> Why should we sing to you of your poor joys,
> That you may see beauty through a poet's mind—
> Beauty where there was none before?
> Why should we heed your miserable opinions,
> And your paltry fears?
> Why listen to your tales and narratives—
> Long lanes of boredom along which you
> Amble amiably all the dull days
> Of your unnecessary lives?
> We know you now and what you wish to be told:
> That the larks are singing in the trenches,
> That the fruit trees will again blossom in the spring,
> That Youth is always happy,
> But you know the misery that lies
> Under the surface—
> And we will dig it up for you!
> We shall sing it to you

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Of the men who have been trampled
To death in the circus of Flanders;
Of the skeletons that gather the fruit
From the ruined orchards of France;
And of those left to rot under an Eastern sun—
Whose dust mingles with the sand
Of distant, strange deserts,
And whose bones are crushed against
The rocks of unknown seas:
All dead—dead,
Defending you and what you stand for.
You hope that we shall tell you that they found their happiness in fighting—
Or that they died with a song on their lips,
Or that we shall use the old familiar phrases
With which your paid servants please you in the Press:
But we are poets
And shall tell the truth."

Usually it is the patriot who, characteristically enough, keeps to the conventional rut of rhymed verse. Patriotism, after all, is conventional. Some of the others have expressed themselves in rhyme, but in so doing they have sacrificed the effect of No Man's Land which the real Sassoons obtain. There are more five-nines and barbed-wire entanglements, more star shells and sudden scurries of machine-gun fire in the jagged unevenness of James Norman Hall, J. C. Squire, "Miles", Osbert Sitwell, Edward Shillito and the other intentionally unorthodox poets. Theirs are not drawing-room ballads but bits of the war caught on paper with the same realism that a gramophone record catches a military band. For those whose faces have been run over by rats in the trenches and who have waited nine months for a leave warrant, these ragged futurist verses bring back the burials at night in the pouring rain, lit only by an electric torch, the mustiness of a blown-in dug-out, the squelch of half-floating duck-boards. They are full of startling sound and unusual color, bad smells and queer intimacies. Rhyme is a paradox in the hell of a battle-field. It is as out of keeping as a society woman among a crowd of drunken toughs. Thus it is that Rupert Brooke, Robert Nichols, Alfred Noyes, Alan Seeger and all the patriotic rhyming fraternity strike but a faint echo of war's reality. They are to the Sassoons as a handful of rice dropped upon a table-cloth is to the barrage which preceded the German attack of March 21, 1918. Their work is for those who stayed at home and for the back-area warrior who knew more of Dieppe and Paris-Plage than the firing-line. In other words they may be poets but they are not war poets, and are well labeled "saccharine" by all those who tapped daily at the door of death and heard the raising of the latch. Although physically they responded to war's alarms, spiritually they never crossed the Channel, remaining side by side with the long-distance poets who, unable to fight, reacted emotionally only to the sufferings of others and to the synthetic waves varying from despair to exaltation which constituted a nation's war-feeling. It was a second-hand, induced emotion, filtered through many channels.

It goes without saying that all the Allies, on both sides of the Hindenburg line, reaped a crop of singers in whom the instinct of gregariousness, unleavened by intellectual control, produced much great patriotic fervor. Germany, France and Italy, always less self-conscious than England in matters of national advertising, drowned our quiet basso in the quartette. In the Sassoon type, however, we established the lead. France, much more handicapped by tradition and habit in poetic forms than England, saw a few of her singers throw down the old barriers. Their leader was Marcel Martinet who in Les Temps Maudits achieved all that Sassoon achieved in Counter-Attack. He lacks the latter's irony but makes up for it by a terrible intensity. Consider the following few lines quoted from Civilians:

"Come soldiers all around these civilians of unshrinking courage,
Around their writing desks, their dining tables,
Come, come with outstretched hands,
You with burnt eyes, with eyes thrust out,
With noses gone, with stinking wounds,
You, hideous without lips, without jaws even,
Whose faces are a horrible scar, approach,
And closing in and pressing all around,
Stare at them with your dark and sightless sockets—
At these fine folk who don't believe in pity!
. . . The non-combatants who stand so firm . . ."

Even Germany, who for generations had preached the divinity of might in church, school and home, could not annihilate the still small voice. Rohrscheidt, Munstein and Hutter are a trio who braved more than shell-fire. What would have been the verdict of a Chief of Staff reading Hutter's Europe's All Soul's Day 1916?

"Who sees, year long, men slain and slay,
Nor feels his own life stricken cold?
Once we were young, once tender-soul'd,
And now so hard, O God, and gray.
Where erst was lusty life, today
Pale death, red death and wrath untold.
No friendly hand I find to hold,
But only clench'd hate every way.
We are tired with gazing on before;
The glamour from the sword is gone . . ."

There rings the knell of Prussianism in at least one human soul!

It has been proclaimed loudly in the world press that this is the war to end war. As a means to that end the League of Nations has been promulgated, reconstruction is occupying the brain and energy of every nation and a real impulse is apparent in the

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entire social fabric towards a higher plane of living and thinking. It is now that the message of these war poets may be learned. The patriot hinders the operation of the League because his poems tinge war with the same false glory as did the troubadour in olden days. He glorifies the national ego to the detriment of other peoples, stirring up an unjustifiable pride in geographical situation, fanning the flame of race prejudice and laying all the foundations for another war. They should be suppressed. Per contra the Sassoons of the world, who strip war of its motley and tinsel and show it as a hideous and ghastly tragedy, a period of terror and agony without one single atoning feature, should be propaganded in every educational centre in the globe. If the theories of social psychology are worth the paper on which the are written, then the fear of war should be inculcated into every succeeding generation. Fear has been analyzed as the great inhibitor of action. The Sassoons have made war fearful. It is they, therefore, who are the new patriots.

A. HAMILTON GIBBS.

First Night: Richard III

I

Assassin with the murder-musing smile,
The horrible hunch-back, slim, and garbed in guile
And bulging dingy metal, seeks and wins
Unmasked soliloquies, superbly staged.
Slow fades each historied scene; but each begins
In similar pomp. He stabs King Henry caged,
(And wears a scarlet cloak). Next, gets engaged,
Vermilion-clad, black-legged, and sallow with sins.

Another King goes sick. He sneers in brown.
The King dies off. Astride his calm white steed
He broods and plots and lours on London town,
And gives his piping nephews all they need.
Then, (crafty in a crimson velvet gown,)
Limps toward the golden madness of a crown.

2

No single blood-stained sonnet could have shown
Richard; nor all his registrations told.
Now shrunk and sable on his tragic throne,
He glowers envenomed, draped in cloth of gold.
. . . Big business with a candle . . . and his Queen
Beautifully poisoned somewhere in the wings.
Then doom and gilded armour; and a scene
Of ghosts; dim, husky-voiced Shakespearean things.

* * *

The casualties were numerous: and at last
He died in clashing brass-ware, tired but tense;
Lord of his own undoing, crazed, aghast,
And propertied regardless of expense.
And the whole proud production paled and passed,
Self-conscious, like its brilliant audience.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Henry Street Settlement

SIR: I wish to plead for a home hospital in this city which cares for 45,000 patients annually. I refer to the Visiting Nurse Service administered by the Henry Street Settlement throughout Manhattan, Staten Island and the Bronx. Few people today realize—what the founder, Miss Wald, was aware of 26 years ago when she organized the service—that sickness in the home is one of the most important factors in a community health problem. The rapid extension of this service from 1 to 14 centers proves that the work met a genuine need.

Those who are not acquainted with the actual workings of the public health authorities too readily assume that public health measures consist largely in circularizing the city with health tracts. When we consider that medical students are required to devote a minimum of six years to obtain their technical training, after they have first spent two years in the study of the fundamental sciences, and that after they have completed their training they still as a rule work several years longer under supervision, we realize that it would be nothing short of miraculous if a busy mother mastered the principles of healthful living, the prevention of disease, and kept in touch with the advances in hygiene simply by reading a few pamphlets.

The gap between the laboratory and the home is bridged by the visiting nurse and it is through her in a large measure that the knowledge of preventive medicine is applied.

Formerly people thought of the visiting nurse only in connection with those who were unable, because of economic circumstances, to provide adequate care for their families in time of illness. But today with the increased cost of living and the increased cost of nursing care, people of moderate means find it difficult to pay for the full time of a nurse. And so the field of usefulness of the visiting nurse has been greatly widened. Moreover. the full time of a nurse is often unnecessary and with the prevailing scarcity of nurses such a monopoly becomes decidedly undesirable unless necessary. The visiting nurse gives the community the maximum possible service during a given period. She not only cares for the sick but gives pre-natal and post-natal advice and care and disseminates information as to the ways of healthful living. The value of the nurse's work is well demonstrated by the results obtained by the maternity service which is conducted at one of the Centers of the Visiting Nurse Service of the Henry Street Settlement, which show a remarkable decrease of maternal mortality during childbirth, and infant mortality during the first year of life.

During 1919 the Visiting Nurse Service made, from all of its centers, an aggregate of 273,768 visits. The extent and influence of such a service is a vital factor in maintaining the health standard of New York City.

This Visiting Nurse Service is now conducting a campaign to raise a million dollars—the funds to be used exclusively for the service. It must be remembered that Henry Street not only maintains a visiting nurse service but also acts as a training school for both graduate and undergraduate students.

The appeal for funds should receive a cordial and generous response and should have the active cooperation of every progressive member of society.

New York City. HERMAN M. BIGGS.

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Military Preparedness

SIR: It is evident that the leaders of liberal political thought in America are turning with disfavor from every plan for military training; and this fact is disturbing to one who like the writer believes in such training and also believes that the liberal thought of today is an index of the political accomplishment of the future. It may be that such opposition is based on an insufficient consideration of America's situation, and that the wish for peace, originating in a deep seated fear of war, prevents fair thinking.

One remembers the masterly argument of Norman Angell's Great Illusion,—and no one can have read that indictment of war without realizing the economic waste implied in war;—a brilliant analysis, clearly stated, based on a generous ideal, but unsound in creating the assumption that a thing so unreasonable as war could not recur. So with the problem of preparedness, it is important to examine the matter fairly that a similar mistake may not occur again from anticipating the result hoped for. At least such an examination would result in facing the thing feared, or in laying the fear forever. It is not my purpose to attempt anything so ambitious as such an examination, but merely to suggest its necessity.

The problem seems to involve two questions: both open to practical answers: first, is war a possible menace, and second, what are the disadvantages of a program for preparedness? The intermediate question, whether we can afford to be without an adequate system of defense, if war is still a possible danger, I do not think worth asking. There are those pacifists whose ideal of peace is such that they would accept, in preference to resistance, the quietism of China with its attendant risks. I take it that such pacifists are not found among us in large numbers. Their belief is consistent, and represents an understandable ideal, not satisfying, however, to the average mind. But aside from such persons, it seems to me there need be no arguments as to the necessity for thorough preparedness if war is a possibility to be faced hereafter (unless of course the very act of preparing tends to invite war).

I assume that if war is reasonably to be feared we must be ready to meet it, and that such readiness implies some degree of peace time training . For we have heard abundant testimony from experts and historians who agree without dissenting voice that America has never been reasonably prepared for any past war. I shall not repeat that testimony. The Civil War and Spanish War offer easily accessible data on the matter. But one point in our war record should be emphasized: We must not deceive ourselves as to our part in the war just ended. A nation which was unequipped with artillery when the war closed, after two years of preparation, and had trained its soldiers insufficiently in the use of infantry weapons and in the manoeuvres of small units—the tools of the soldiers' trade—should not be lulled to security by that achievement. The greatest experiment in education which America has ever attempted—the training of two million men, could not be accomplished by a hastily planned system. It could only have been made effective by orderly growth. The army schools lacked sufficient trained instructors and lacked the material weapons for training. No school, even for teaching simple things, can be created by a decree. And so two years failed to accomplish the training that a far shorter period under other circumstances could have given. As an infantry officer who saw the simple realities of training and fighting with the man of the line, I know, with a certainty which needs no reinforcing, that America was unprepared even at the end.

The root of the problem concerns the likelihood or unlikelihood of war. And optimists refuse to accept the value of argument from the past: the fact that war has long prevailed, and that America, though unprepared, has been involved, even in other nations' quarrels, is not held to be a sufficient indication of the future. One feels the human appeal of the question often asked in these days: what has become of the ideals for which we fought yesterday when we pledged ourselves with American lives to make the world safe for democracy? The answer is not a denial of idealism. We made a beginning of that work in the war, but much remains to be accomplished. With our aid, a league of nations may, through painstaking effort and experience, establish lasting peace, on which our military preparation can be abandoned,—meantime no treaty can accomplish this unaided. War can be minimized by a league of nations, but peace will be established only by just dealing between nations and by sound diplomacy.

If the western world desires peace with Asia for the generation to come, it must act wisely and generously. Our own diplomatic dealings with Mexico, South America and Japan in the past are no sufficient guarantee that the needed wisdom will be forthcoming. Not that we lack the proper impulse, simply that something more than a right impulse is needed—great constructive statesmanship. Unpreparedness has not improved the moral or intellectual quality of our diplomacy in the past. It has simply implied a degree of impotence in our acts whether good or bad. I have no sympathy with the militarists who predict the very battlefields of the future, and equally little for those idealists who expect the finest constructive accomplishment of civilization—Peace,—to be accomplished by a gesture, without effort. Bakunin's theory of Anarchy originates in a precisely similar ideal.

If it be true that military preparedness tends to produce war, we shall do well to face that danger fairly. We have it within our power in a democracy to control that danger, but the greater danger will continue till armament everywhere in the world, is at an end. We should honestly endeavor to bring about universal reduction of armament, and our example, in being ourselves prepared meantime, would lend weight to our counsels, as an evidence that our desire is not based on timidity alone. Our need is not for impotence, but for national ideals, and for effort to achieve them.

Military training for the youth of the country is an expensive project. Its supporters do it an ill service in minimizing this plain fact, or in harping upon the collateral benefits of "Americanization" to be derived. If we sincerely wish to improve the quality of our citizenship we can seek that end cheaply and effectively by educational methods with children who are in the formative years. A six months by product of schooling for the youth of eighteen is a shabby evasion of our responsibility if we acknowledge the responsibility to exist. But however great the expense, it should be met if needed. And fifty years of preparedness could be provided by what we spent in the war just past.

It may be that a policy of drifting will serve America in the future as it has heretofore, but if our policy is to be a policy modelled on the past, it will be well for us to consider our situation, and know our minds in advance, that when occasions of great national moment arise, whether of national danger or of national duty, we may face them without bluster and without fear.

New York City. CHARLES W. WHITTLESEY.

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After the Play

WHAT does one need most in contemporary drama? Yesterday I should have said, sincerity. But I have seen a play by Miss Zoë Akins, preformed by Miss Ethel Barrymore and others, called Déclassée, and my faith in sincerity is somewhat shaken.

Seldom have I seen a play so sincere as Miss Akins's. It is written in pure accord with the dictates of her spirit. It wells with sincerity, it pulses with feeling. It exposes to the world a beating heart, and what is drama without such an organ? Yet it weighs on me that these wonderful qualities of feeling and sincerity, which I have so long indiscriminately admired in Shakespeare and Frank Crane, in Lincoln and Bryan, may not be enough. A heart, to be quite satisfactory, may need humbler organs to help it out.

It is perhaps not unnatural that Miss Akins should be romantic. She comes from St. Louis. Out of that great city, center of thirst and hardware and William Marion Reedy, her heart wandered far to find a resting-place, and did not find it until it lighted on an old family of English aristocrats, known fondly to their intimates as the Mad Varicks. With the Mad Varicks Miss Akins's coy imagination has nestled. They couldn't be too Mad Varick to please her. And think of Miss Ethel Barrymore, queen of the reigning theatrical family, acting as heroine of this drama of aristocracy! It is a happy escape from Bevotown on the broad but flat Mississippi.

Have you ever dreamed, at the age of eight, of a great aristocratic family that had a real ghost, usually arriving in a coach drawn by phantom horses, and probably answering to the name of Hal or Harry or Lionel or Eustace? Miss Akins has these phantom horses, or phantom horses like them, galloping soundlessly in the background of her play. In the foreground in modern London is the last of the Varicks, Helen, now Lady Helen Haden, unhappily married to a thick-necked man of the world named Sir Bruce Haden. She thought, poor Helen, when she married Sir Bruce that he had a firm hand to curb her wild spirit. He proved to be a heavy-handed bully. So Lady Helen had her court and her courtiers.

One of these courtiers is a young American. He had been a tenderfoot in Alaska but did not take to roughing it, and now he is drifting in London, often a guest at the Hadens. Lady Helen has shown that she likes him, has written him tenderly, but at the opening of the play she is urging him, as an older woman may urge a young man, to get away from the wicked city and "find himself" in South Africa or wherever men find themselves without finding themselves out. This advice is cruelly interrupted by the discovery that the youth—Edward Thayer by name—has for a second time in an afternoon been detected cheating at cards. On the first occasion Lady Helen had forced her husband to withdraw the accusation and apologize. Now she cannot save Thayer. She tells him that she will expose him to her husband, in "fair play". Mr. Thayer answers that he, too, will do *his* exposing. And he produces a package of Lady Helen's letters, which he proposes to submit to Sir Bruce to show how Lady Helen madvaricks on her own account.

These distressing circumstances precede Lady Helen's becoming déclassée. Sir Bruce reads the letters, it seems, and turns her out. She comes to New York with nothing to keep her from starving except her pearls. Every day she snips off a pearl to keep the wolf from the elevator. Each day a pearl, each day a meal-ticket. Having bribed the wolf away, she does what the déclassée apparently must always do, she goes to the Ritz for tea.

But the Emmett Wilderings and Harry Charterises are also at the Ritz. Sir Emmett is now his majesty's ambassador. When he hears that Helen is in the offing he speaks severely of her. Just because she is "one of our kind", he says, we must be stern. She "made a sneer of her class". And, "as the representative of my king", etc. Still, when Helen does come in (to have tea with Rudolph Solomon, the great Jewish financier) the Wilderings cannot withstand her. Déclassée she may be, but she is still a Varick. As for Charteris, he has always loved her. He is only hoping for the moment, good old Don Quixote, when he may again offer her his hand.

Miss Akins squeezes any amount of romance out of this tea-party. Lady Helen to her is like a Peri at the Gate of Paradise, (i. e., smart English society), and the Wilderings are like nice kind angels who flatten their noses against the gate and poke a bon-bon out to her. But, poor mad Helen, there is no disguising the fact that she is a fallen angel. Innocent? Perhaps, But no longer in London. Stranded in New York. Indubitably déclassée. And Helen lives up to it. "Oh, to be in England", she cries through her sparkling tears. But she bears heroically her exile at the Ritz.

Then, when the good angels of Heaven go out, the fallen angel consorts with Rudolph Solomon. Rudolph is a powerful plut-erotic Jew. He began as a newsboy, of course, but he always dreamed dreams, and now he has almost within his grasp the greatest of all objets d'art, the daughter of a duke. Is he crude? Certainly not. He sketches in deep, beautiful tones the "progress of a purpose". He makes it clear to Helen that he considers her altitudinous, not déclassée. She is to be the mother of his children, possibly. She is moved. She deprecates the notion that she is tragic—"one tragedy more or less in a world of tragedies—what does it matter!" She smiles through her ducal tears. "Life's a great adventure!" "Life's something more than a hilltop in the sun". She calls Rudolph "my friend". She reproves him for unkindness to his little mistress who loves him. "There is something about true love very touching to me." She is wistful. She is colorful. She speaks of cruising in the South Seas, "the stars and the big hushed night". "Go on, go on", Rudolph cries. She may be an aristocrat marked down, but she is the real thing.

Yes, but she does not love Rudolph. She reveals to him that her one dream was—Thayer. It is here Miss Akins's business to bring back a rectified Thayer. This she wisely does at the last moment, only so that he can assert to Helen that he has found himself. There is then a wonderful hail and farewell. For, leaving Rudolph's palace on Fifth Avenue, poor Helen is run over. She is brought back just in time to die to slow music, with Rudolph brooding over his lost duchess and Thayer kissing her hand and she herself smoking a last cigarette and toasting England in champagne, a mad Varick to the end.

"The wheel of fortune . . . courage . . . play fair . . . blow out your candles . . . England, my England".

To this drama, with all its gorgeous nonsense, Miss Barrymore can obviously bring no conviction. She knows better. So, in the ordinary run of business and for the ordinary run of audiences, she rants and raves and chants and warbles to please the most unrealistic of tastes. And they like it. They think she is aristocracy personified. And they leave saying, "she acts so beautiful!" F. H.

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Literary Notes

A NUMBER of novelists have tried their hand at Greenwich Village, but none has yet satisfied the hopes that once more are raised—perhaps foolishly—by the announcement of Mary Austin's novel, Twenty-Six Jayne Street. This book, which is due in May, is proclaimed with much confidence by the Houghton Mifflin Co. H. G. Wells has placed Mrs. Austin "at the very forefront of American letters." Greenwich Village is the only place in the United States where egoistic aesthetic American youth has obtained and held a foothold. It is also practically the only place where a certain kind of adult revolt can be matured. The precise nature of such revolt, its heroism and its cowardice, its beauty and its banality, its sincerity and its fatuous affectation has never yet been put into a novel. The Story of a Lover, written anonymously, is perhaps the most significant document that has come from this section of American life. But The Story of a Lover was written by a man who allowed himself to poetize his own story. Has Mrs. Austin sought to poetize her lovers? If so, the less said the better.

Walter Lippmann's Liberty and the News has been adopted for supplementary reading in two schools of journalism. Isaac Marcosson's Adventures in Interviewing has similarly been adopted. This is dualism with a vengeance.

H. G. Wells, it is reported, is to be sent to Russia as part of the League of Nations commission of inquiry. Has this appointment come from Mr. Balfour, one wonders, whom Mr. Wells has pictured so favorably in The New Machiavelli. The journey is not likely to be undertaken if it interferes in any way with Mr. Wells's great task of writing the History of the World. In that History, by the way, Mr. Wells is said to have gleefully satisfied a lifelong grudge against the over-rated Julius Caesar. He has simply left him out.

No American publisher has seen fit to adopt the English scheme of putting Wells's History of the World on the market—issuing it in parts, fortnight by fortnight or perhaps it is month by month. Nor has any American publication taken the history as a serial. The objection to serializing it seems to have arisen from an unpleasant fear in editors' minds that in some way their periodical would turn out to be holding a pro-Socialist or pro-radical bag. A dreadful joker to the Wellsian history of the world! And, now that Mr. Wells is going into Soviet Russia as an accredited representative of the British government, the mystery of his present bias thickens. Is he going with the hope of balfourizing Lenin, or of leninizing Balfour, or is he merely making the journey in the interest of his great friend of 1918, God the Invisible King?

Another book announced by the Houghton Mifflin Co. for spring publication is The Old Humanities and the New Science, the late Sir William Osler's inaugural address as president of the British Classical Association. The fact that this is the public address of a professional man need not keep anyone from reading it. As many people know, Osler wrote easily and charmingly on humanistic topics and he gave to his obiter dicta on the art of life a high degree of grace as well as solid sense. More than that, his great book, The Principles and Practice of Medicine, is saturated with his honest literary spirit. It is, of course, addressed to his profession, "designed for the use of practitioners and students of medicine," but it is a text-book so marvelously organized and so lucidly expressed that a layman can hardly help being fascinated by it. The eighth edition is not exactly a brochure. It runs to over 1200 pages, with 76 tight pages of index. From 1892 up to his death Osler kept revising it, and in the latest edition (Appletons publish it) the "extraordinary growth of our knowledge of infectuous diseases" necessitated the incorporation of much new matter "particularly in typhoid fever, typhus fever, pneumonia, tuberculosis and syphilis."

Almost any paragraph from Osler's Medicine can be taken to illustrate the prime literary virtue of practical lucidity. Take this passage from Angina Pectoris: "(a) MILDEST FORM (*"Les Formes Frustes"* of the French). —There is a feeling of substernal tension, uneasiness, or distress, rising at times to positive pain, usually associated with emotion, sometimes with exertion, but soon passing off. There may be slight pallor, or a feeling of faintness. When rising to speak in public there may be a feeling of substernal tension—it is a common experience—which passes off. Muscular effort, as in climbing a hill or stair, may bring on the sensation. In the high pressure life a man may experience for weeks or months this sense of substernal tension, not pain, and without accurate localization or radiation, and not increased by exercise or emotion. It is, as one patient expressed it, a 'hot-box' indicating too great pressure and too high speed. It is away after the night's rest, and may disappear entirely when the 'harness' it taken off." To write so deftly as this, with so little professional shorthand or mumbo-jumbo, is a sign of mastery not always found in so-called professional writers.

A more pointed example of useful style may be taken from another nominally non-literary man, Mr. Herbert Asquith. In his controversy over Lord French's 1914 Mr. Asquith had occasion some months ago to do what he could to discount Lord French's new preface. "The 'controversy' between Lord French and myself," he explains, "was not of my seeking. I preserved complete silence; but when Lord French, apparently in the pursuit of a vendetta against the fame and memory of a great soldier and a former colleague of my own—Lord Kitchener —who can no longer speak for himself, and to whom Lord French stood under strong personal obligations, proceeded, in my judgment, to falsify history, I felt bound to intervene . . ." He mentions a letter of "confidence and encouragement" he had sent to Lord French. "If I had known, or suspected, what Lord French now avows, that at the date of my letter of May, 1915, he was engaged, behind the back and without the knowledge of his official chief, Lord Kitchener, and of myself, in a manoeuvre to upset the government at home, it is probable that my communication would have been couched in somewhat different terms. . . . To have a bad memory is a misfortune, not a crime; but people who have bad memories should not attempt to write their own—or other people's lives." Rather neat, especially for a public man whose funeral wreaths were ordered some years ago—wreaths now turned to a somewhat different purpose.

The Keynes book, The Economic Consequences of the Peace, had reached its fifteenth thousand in Britain by the end of February. That figure has been passed in this country. Yet there is no possibility that its sale can rival Mr. W. J. Locke's latest pot-boiler, The House of Baltazar, which started with 50,000.

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Modes and Morals

Modes and Morals, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. New York: C. Scribner's Sons.

WHEN Americans refer to Louisa May Alcott they usually do so with a joke. It is like Mrs. Gerould, clever Mrs. Gerould, to make Miss Alcott the subject of biting analysis. To Mrs. Gerould as a born New Englander Miss Alcott is much more than a moralistic children's story-teller; she is the writer who "gives a better impression of mid-century New England than any of the more laborious reconstructions", including the reconstructions of Mr. Howells. Mrs. Gerould reconstructs Miss Alcott, not laboriously, and makes good her claim that Miss Alcott is astounding and quintessential.

What gives edge to this analysis is the contrast drawn between the New Englander of Miss Alcott's pretensions, and the New Englander of Mrs. Gerould's own perception. "In spite of Dr. Holmes's brave and appropriating definitions of aristocracy," Mrs. Gerould proclaims, "and the urbanity which the descendants of our great New Englanders would fain persuade us their ancestors possessed, our great New Englanders were essentially villagers, and the very best thing to be said of them is that they wrought out village life to an almost Platonic perfection of type." Having educed this fact from Miss Alcott's typical New England, Mrs. Gerould goes on to certain mortifying conclusions. "The next— and equally astounding—result of re-reading Miss Alcott was, for me, the unexpected and not wholly pleasant corroboration of what my friend had said about her characters. They were, in some ways, underbred."

How were they underbred? Mrs. Gerould expands. "Bronson Alcott (or shall we say Mr. March?) quotes Plato in his family circle; but his family uses inveterately bad grammar". That severe charge Mrs. Gerould substantiates. Then she goes on: "Breeding is, of course, not merely a matter of speech; and I fancy that my friend referred even more specifically to their manners—their morals being unimpeachable". Of course "they pride themselves on their separation from all vulgarity", but, "well, they are underbred in precisely the way in which, one fancies, the contemporaries of Emerson in Concord may well have been underbred. It is the 'plain-living' side of 'high thinking'." "The villagers have not—and who supposes that Bronson Alcott and Thoreau had it—the gift of civilized contacts. A contact, be it remembered, is not quite the same thing as a relation". "The plain living is quite as prominent as the high thinking. . . . You really would not want to spend a week in the house of any one of them. . . . The only people, not themselves, whom they wholly respect, are the negroes". And, finally, "any honest New Englander—a New Englander of the villages, I mean—will admit that the New English are singularly ungifted for social life and manners."

These are hard words, even applied to New England. Are they just? The thing that makes me feel their essential justice is the degree to which they apply, with certain important reservations, to Mrs. Gerould herself. The author of Modes and Morals is superficially far removed from the New England village. Her grammar as well as her morals, is (or are) unimpeachable. But the whole tone of her book, the tone of her criticism of life, is penetrated with the very New Englandism she analyzes. This perhaps is what makes her an educator, one of those withering educators who go by externals and "standards". She has another and a different strain, frequently exemplified in her fiction and occasionally suggested in these essays. But the dominant strain is that of the New Englander, as described in her own words.

Consider, for example, her first essay—The New Simplicity. It is a plea for plain living and high thinking in the blandest New England spirit. How are "we" (the Chosen People) going to save, for our children and our children's children, the real amenities of life? The answers, in her own words, are like this:

"The vital question is not whether we shall simplify, but how. On that depends our civilization."

"We shall try to omit rather than commit; to be austere rather than cheap."

"In these ways, we shall probably intrigue for the life of the spirit, the life of the intellect."

"Certainly we of the minority must accept for ourselves austerities we were not bred to in our easy-going, materialistic generation."

"I confess that as I look forth in these distressed times on the vast American scene, I find myself pinning my hope to two things—the self-consciousness of this minority, and the older Eastern universities."

"We shall not sleep soft, we shall not live high, and we shall do without external beauty to a painful extent."

"We shall, I hope, ameliorate our lack of space and privacy by a very perfectly developed courtesy and by the capacity for silence."

It would be easy to pile up quotations to show how this strain of New England idealism and priggishness crops out in Mrs. Gerould. At times she relaxes, as in her genial essay on The Sensual Ear. At times she is actually tolerant, as in the essay called Caviare on Principle. Here she pleads the case for "materialism" quite gaily. But the relaxation and gaiety are possible only when she forgets the degenerate America which never has entertained the fallacy of plain living and high thinking. The moment Mrs. Gerould remembers this philistine America she stiffens like a schoolma'am. It is then she utters such sentiments as the following:

"I myself have known women whose fathers carried dinner-pails and whose husbands have never even stopped to regret that their own education ended with the grammar-school course, who simply did not feel that the shabbily or simply dressed woman could be in their class. She may be descended from half a dozen Signers, and be at home in every picture-gallery in Europe, but she is some one to whom, socially, they cannot but condescend."

Very illuminating is the phrase, "at home in every picture-gallery in Europe." It opens the door of Mrs. Gerould's tabernacle and permits one to see the precious New England idol inside. Not a bad idol, as idols go, but Mrs. Gerould is too sharp in its service. She bristles too intolerantly at the notion of anything that may lower the prestige of Culture or diminish the claim of the Colonial Dames. Her pet abominations are social reformers, slums, Russians, Labor parties, trade unions—and all other "moderns" and modernities which do not partake of the Great Tradition, the Grand Style, and the eternal standards of beauty and truth.

Mrs. Gerould's controversial temper may best be estimated from phrases like these:

"What the foes of convention want is to have all tabu overthrown."

"Any one who employs labor at all—even if it is only

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to repair a leak—is going to be gouged."

"The pathetic spectacle of the hero and the heroine having no time to make love to each other in the good old-fashioned way, because they are so busy suppressing the red-light district and compiling statistics of disease."

"Kipling was right about preparedness, right about the Colonies, right about Germany, right about Russia, right about the Boers, right about Kitchener, right about demagogues and 'labor', right about the elderly politicians, right about the decent British code, right about patriotism and the human heart—right about love; and for all those things (except the last) he was slanged as if he were wrong."

Is this aggressive tone the tone of a "very perfectly developed courtesy", or the tone of a villager alarmed for the village deities? It seems to me that Mrs. Gerould is doubly exasperated by the modernists because, for all her New England tradition, she is too unsettled by them to leave them alone. She is "out of temper". She is "petulant". She is "bitter". Why? Because, being clever as well as conservative, she is uneasily conscious that there is more in the world outside the Platonic village than she is ready or willing to admit. It is a pity. It is especially a pity because other women's inexperience and non-emancipation may be allured by Mrs. Gerould's Tory impatiences. This is to promote Culture in the bad sense, particularly as such Culture seems to have the cachet of Bryn Mawr.

F. H.

The Chicago Race Riots

The Chicago Race Riots, by Carl Sandburg. With an introductory note by Walter Lippmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe.

WHO can tell a plain, clear story of reality? Who can erect a serviceable, four-square edifice of fact? Only a few writers. Passed by for the flimsier temples of "the latest orthodoxy," their work, based on an ancient craft of truth-telling remains to shelter the dusty pilgrims of research from innumerable empty winds of doctrine.

This shelter for the way-faring reader is the finest value of Carl Sandburg's four-square edifice of fact, The Chicago Race Riots. His pamphlet belongs to the ancient, honorable craft of chronicle that wrote The March of the Ten Thousand, and Caesar's Gallic Wars and The Journal of the Plague Year. Everone in this country who is interested in our sharpest national disgrace—our treatment of Negro citizens ought to read this collection of articles. Especially every Chicagoan ought to read it—every Chicagoan who is interested in those events last summer that justly degraded the second city of the United States in the eyes of the civilized world.

The material of these articles, it is true, is, as Mr. Sandburg tells us, less a description of the riots themselves, than a picture of the conditions that caused them; and an indication of the open road out of these conditions for the future. Like the March of the Ten Thousand, and Caesar's Gallic Wars, and The Journal of the Plague Year, the pamphlet is written if not in the tune, yet to the time of "what ought to be done next?"—to my own ear the most interesting tempo for public chronicle.

Mr. Sandburg had been investigating the Negro situation in Chicago for two weeks for the Daily News, "when the riots broke, and as usual nearly everybody was more interested in the war than how it got loose."

Mainly a graphic account of the leading, everyday features of the city's contemporary, Negro history, the story begins with the phenomenal incident that lit the flame of the riots:

Late in July, on a sultry Sunday afternoon, a young colored boy was floating on a raft in Lake Michigan, beside a bathing beach. The wind blew the raft across "an imaginary segregation line." A white hoodlum threw a stone at the colored boy. The boy fell off the raft. He was in deep water. White and colored people started to his rescue. White gangsters prevented the would-be rescuers from reaching the boy; and also threw rocks at him from the shore. He drowned. The police present silently acquiesced in the murder.

They refused to arrest the white hoodlum who had made the first assault. They refused to arrest any of the people who had been stoning the colored boy fighting for his life out in the lake. "As the dead body of the drowned boy was being handled, more rocks were thrown, on both sides. The policeman held on to his refusal to make arrests. Fighting began that spread to all the borders of the Black belt."

(Since the writing of Mr. Sandburg's article, the Coroner's Jury testimony has added certain minor items to the record of this episode; and in the interest of precision, the reviewer has ventured to incorporate these latest qualifications, though the main outline of the incident remains as related in the pamphlet.)

Fighting spread to all the borders of a Black Belt where "the population of 50,000 in Chicago was more than doubled during the war. No new houses or tenements were built. Under pressure of war industry the district, already notoriously over-crowded and swarming with slums, was compelled to have and hold in its human dwelling apparatus more than twice as many people as it held before the war.

"The Black Belt of Chicago is probably the strongest effective unit of political power, good or bad, in America—with a city administration decisive in its refusal to draw the color line and a mayor whose opponents failed to defeat him with the covert epithet of 'nigger lover'."

To such a community "the black doughboys had come back from France and the cantonment camps." They had come with "any number of wound stripes," with three gold chevrons, with the Croix de Guerre.

"In barber shop windows and in cigar stores and haberdasheries are helmets, rifles, cartridges, canteens and haversacks and photographs" of these brave Negro regiments. They had gone out in enormous numbers—nine thousand registering from a district of thirty thousand persons.

"So it is clear that in one neighborhood are thousands of strong young men who have been talking to each other on topics more or less intimately related to the questions, "What are we ready to die for? Why do we live? What is democracy?—"

Walk around this district and talk with the black folk and leaders of the black folk. Ask them, "What about the future of the colored people?" The reply that comes most often and the thought that seems uppermost is: "We made the supreme sacrifice; they didn't need any work or fight law for us; our record, like Old Glory, the flag we love because it stands for freedom, hasn't got a spot on it. We 'come clean;' now we want to see our country live up to the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence."

It was on the borders of a city neighborhood filled with this spirit that destiny placed the murder of an in-

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nocent colored boy little more than a child, a murder committed by adults, in the presence of multitudes, in the unresisting presence of officers of the law, and in broad daylight on the open lake shore. Besides it must not be forgotten that this incident occurred in the most populous lake-port in the world. Chicago's fire-tug service, her beach-guard and life-saving services, the yearly toll of her lake-wrecks, the presence of thousands of citizens who have aided against lake hazards, or been imperilled by them, have given the city an underlying sense of human staunchness against lake dangers. If destiny desired the episode of wantonly driving a boy out into the water to drown, to be non-provocative, she could not have chosen a less favorable scene than that of a beach crowd in Chicago.

"Why is anyone surprised?" the wayfaring reader who has sought the shelter of this book, will ask, "That there was rioting?" And another question will be in the back-ground of his thought as he reads on through the list of those killed in the riots—in the first three days—twenty Negroes, and fourteen white men. This question will persist through the absorbing, plain tale of daily existence that makes up the bulk of this remarkable city history.

The story of the great Negro migration, of rising rents for Negroes, of trades for colored women, the story of the return of the Negro soldier and of Negro churches and Negro gamblers and of unions and the color line, the record of the open-minded and reasonable view of an official of the packers, and of the wise and sympathetic comment of Mr. Julius Rosenwald—all these chronicles contribute a synthetic picture at once novel, just and deeply interesting.

"Thousands of white men and thousands of colored men stood together during the riots, and through the public statements of white and colored officials of the Stockyards Labor Council asked the public to witness that they were shaking hands as 'brothers' and could not be counted on for any share in the mob shouts and ravages. This was the first time in any similar crisis in an American community that a large body of mixed nationalities and races—Poles, Negroes, Lithuanians, Italians, Irishmen, Germans, Slovaks, Russians, Mexicans, Yankees, Englishmen, Scotchmen—proclaimed that they were organized and opposed to violence between white union men and colored union men."

One reads these pages and sees in one's sub-consciousness the tragedy vignetted at the beginning of the chronicle, the dead boy carried along the summer beach by his defeated companions. And again in the back-ground of one's mind the question rises—how guilty were the Negro rioters who, having in vain appealed to officers of the law, fought to prevent a wanton outrage to a child's life? In the reviewer's eyes the most shocking circumstance attending the outbreak of the race riots is not at all that men fought to prevent the murder of a child; but that they fought in vain. Technically wrong, their protest was morally right. No one, I think who fails to understand this can realize the basic sense of injustice which remained a foundation, a smouldering fire-log for the Chicago disorders last summer.

That is not all. Though twenty-three colored and fifteen white people were killed in the riots, the arrests of the colored people have been five times as numerous as those of white people; the indictments of colored people have been in the same proportion.

"Clear justice, irrespective of race is at stake." I quote from an appeal on the subject of an adequate fund for colored persons whom investigation shows to have been unjustly indicted—this appeal being endorsed by Miss Jane Addams, Mrs. Emmons Blaine, Dr. Bentley and other well-known Chicagoans.

It is perhaps idle to point out that Mr. Sandburg's pamphlet makes Chicago's present outcry about her numerous robberies and murders appear irrelevant. Secret robberies and murders of adults are bound to occur in a community too lax and too thinhearted to assert itself against the open public murder of a child. But it may not be amiss to add that this was the very first item in Chicago's race riots. She should have settled this item first.

The tone of Mr. Sandburg's book is that of a good city neighbor—a neighbor of the world. Like the tales of life one's neighbor tells, the book is an unfinished story. When fate finishes it, however miserably, however well, I hope he will write more articles and collect another pamphlet; and tell us how it all ends.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

The Order of Nature

The Order of Nature. An Essay, by L. J. Henderson. Cambridge: Harvard University Press.

PROFESSOR Henderson's book appeared at a time when our common preoccupation with the world war prevented its meeting the wide recognition which it amply deserves, no less because of the profound importance of its problem than because of the originality of its thought. It is the purpose of this review to draw emphatic attention to a book which neither scientists nor philosophers can afford to ignore. The problem of the order of nature is not only one to which philosophers have been alive at least since the days of Aristotle, but it is also one which is more and more impressing itself upon the thought of the leading scientists of our own day. Thus Henderson is riding on the very crest of the tide in exhibiting the fascinating way in which philosophical speculation and the latest scientific researches converge upon the recognition of a "teleological pattern" in the physico-chemical constitution of our world.

Almost from the very dawn of any human thought which can be called either scientific or philosophical, two aspects of nature have impressed themselves upon the inquiring mind. One is that determination of phenomena according to causal law, which has been elaborated into the "mechanical" theory of nature; the other is the existence of living organisms, which exhibit in their structure and in the functioning of their parts an order, an organization, such as call almost irresistibly for an explanation in term of "purpose" or "design". This "teleological appearance" cannot be denied or argued away. Yet how is natural science to account for it? Committed, as it is, to the mechanical theory of nature, science cannot consistently countenance any appeal to the creative intelligence of God, or to the purposes of human or animal minds, or to a Bergsonian *élan vital,* or to a Drieschian entelechy. There is only one way open to it: it must look for an order among the properties of the constituent elements of the world, and among their laws, which shall be uniquely adapted to the needs of life. This "fitness of the environment" had been the theme of Henderson's first book, published under that title in 1913. To his first statement, there, of the principle that "biological fitness is manifestly a mutual relationship"—a fitness of the inorganic world for life no less than a fitness of life for an inorganic world like ours—Henderson now gives a more rigorous and

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detailed exposition. He surveys both the fluctuations of the mechanism-teleology debate in the history of philosophy, and the independent development of modern biological theory, in order to show, finally, how his own bio-chemical studies combine with Willard Gibbs's researches into the equilibrium of heterogeneous substances to reveal a "hitherto unrecognized order" among the properties of matter—an order which is masked when the properties of matter are considered statically, but which becomes evident when time is taken into account, i. e., when, in the light of cosmic evolution, we perceive it to be the fittest possible order, in fact a "preparation", for life.

The most significant, and at the same time the most original, point in Henderson's theory is that, whilst he admits this new order to be recognizable only from the point of view of living organisms considered as products of evolution, yet he regards it, once recognized, as constituting at bottom a purely physical and chemical problem. He is thus able to claim that, in investigating it, he is never once abandoning "the secure foundation of abstract physical science"; that he is never once stepping outside the circle of physico-chemical concepts dear to every orthodox scientist's heart. He is seeking to answer, on a basis of purely mechanical principles, the question: "What are the physical and chemical origins of diversity among inorganic and organic things?" It is at bottom the problem of individuality, of the existence of stable, durable systems, maintaining their equilibrium in the flux of physico-chemical processes.

The novelty of Henderson's approach to this problem is best appreciated by considering its bearing on the traditional issue between mechanism and teleology in philosophy. Aristotle, besides possessing already the concept of "organization" ("the animal organism must be conceived after the similitude of a well-governed commonwealth"), was the first to insist upon the need both of a mechanical and a teleological, or functional, explanation, alike of organisms and of the natural environment as a whole. The next step was Bacon's clear recognition that experience demands the separation of both methods, that physical science "must proceed, as if final causes did not exist." Leibnitz, having before him the completed principles of Newton's dynamics, drives home the same point: "According to this system bodies act as if there were no souls at all." The process of logically disentangling the mechanistic from the teleological point of view is completed by the negative outcome of Hume's discussion of the evidence for divine design in nature. At the same time, with singular shrewdness of insight, Hume formulates the scientific problem then remaining, viz., to account for that "œconomy" of nature which explains the constancy of organic forms in a world of matter in perpetual motion. He stands on the very threshold of the genuinely scientific problem: What is the source of teleological order in the constitution of the mechanical universe? Compared with this, Kant's proposal to retain both mechanism and teleology as complementary methods, but mechanism as the positive doctrine of science, teleology as a mere subjective rule of judgment (enabling science, by a convenient fiction, to consider organisms *as if* they had been designed), is shown to lead away from the highroad along which science was destined to travel. In spite of Kant, biology continued to investigate function and organization as facts, not merely as subjective make-believe, with the results that "organization has finally become a category which stands beside those of matter and energy". In fact, science in its progress has ignored all attempts to draw a hard and fast line between the facts of mechanism and those of teleology. Its recent discoveries bear out Lachelier's doctrine that the laws of nature are of two sorts, one for phenomena as forming *series*, the other for these series as constituting *systems*. The more biologists and experimental morphologists learn to unravel the physico-chemical processes in living beings, the more is the recognition of systems or patterns, and thereby the problem of the order of nature as a whole, forced upon the attention of physical scientists.

This is the point where the thermodynamic researches of Willard Gibbs, culminating in a rigorous mathematical analysis of the concept of a physico-chemical system, reveal their first-rate importance. "Just as Newton first conclusively showed that this is a world of masses, so Willard Gibbs first revealed it as a world of systems." Again, "No one, not even the vitalist, doubts that the organism is a Gibbs system." It is, then, in terms of Gibbs's theory of systems that Henderson offers the more rigorous statement of the conclusions of his first book. He had there shown how the unique ensemble of the properties of the three elements, hydrogen, oxygen, and carbon, which are the most active, which give rise to the most numerous compounds, which form the most complex molecular structures, which yield the most energy in their mutual transformations, makes the actual environment the fittest abode for life. When we think of the part played by water, carbonic acid, and the carbohydrates (which constitute a "pathway from the inorganic to the organic") in the economy of nature, we see that if they were other than they are, life, as we know it, would be impossible. Yet this ensemble of properties is so infinitely improbable, when considered as a result of mere chance, that we can make it intelligible to ourselves only by looking upon it "as a preparation for the evolutionary process."

> "The process of evolution consists in increase of diversity of systems and their activities, in the multiplication of physical occurrences, or, briefly, in the production of much from little. Other things being equal, there is a maximum 'freedom' for such evolution on account of a certain unique arrangement of unique properties of matter. The chance that this unique ensemble of properties should occur by 'accident' is almost infinitely small (i. e., less than any probability which can be practically considered). The chance that each of the unit properties of the ensemble, by itself and in cooperation with the others, should 'accidentally' contribute to this 'freedom' a maximum increment is also almost infinitely small. . . . But the properties of the universal elements antedate or are logically prior to those restricted aspects of evolution which are within the scope of our present investigations. Hence we are obliged to regard this collocation of properties as in some intelligible sense a preparation for the processes of planetary evolution. For we cannot imagine an interaction between the properties of hydrogen, carbon, and oxygen, and any process of planetary evolution or any similar process whereby the properties of the elements, as they occur throughout the whole universe, should have been modified. Therefore, the properties of the elements must for the present be regarded as possessing a teleological character."

Henderson was a pupil of Royce, and we may discern in the union of scientific theory with speculative insight, which distinguishes his book, an excellent example of that fruitful cooperation between science and philosophy, the fostering of which was not the least of Royce's services to contemporary thought.

R. F. A. H.

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